Horticultural Society

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AND NEW ENGLAND AGRICULTURE.

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Editorial.

RAISING CHICKENS.

The season has been so favorable that young stock is well advanced. Broods that were hatched in March have seen none of the bad weather that early hatched chickens usually encounter and "broilers" will be abundant and in good condition. Fortunately they are in good demand at paying prices and those farmers who took the trouble to get out early broods will find them profitable.

The great point in raising chickens is to keep them eating all the time, or at any rate to keep their digestive organs continually well supplied. "Short commons" are not economical in chicken raising.

The common custom is to keep a dish of "Indian meal dough" mixed up and two or three times a day a lot is thrown down to the chickens. If they eat it well and good; if not, and the chances are they will not, they having become tired of one single article of diet set before them day after day, it stands and sours. If a quantity is thus found uneaten the next feed is likely to be a light one, and the chickens, driven by hunger, finally devour the sour stuff; the result is cholera or some other fatal disease sets in and their owner wonders "Why my chickens are all dying off." In our own practice we find that small quantities of varied food if given to the chickens often produce vastly better results than any other method of feeding.

Indian meal dough we banished from our poultry yards long ago, and on no conditions would we permit young chickens to be fed with it. For the first morning meal we give all our young poultry stock boiled potatoes mashed up fine. We find nothing so good and acceptable and as we use only the small potatoes, those which are unmarketable and not large enough for the table, they prove to be more profitable than any other article of food.

We have on hand now three or four hundred chickens varying in size from those but a few days old to others large enough for the table, and positively no other article of "soft food" have they ever known, and we venture to say a more healthy and thrifty lot of chickens cannot be found. When in days gone by we used to feed the chickens with the traditional Indian meal dough, we always counted on losing a large percentage of them, and the numbers that died from cholera, diarrhœa and kindred diseases were great. Now a sick chicken is unknown to our yards, and we lay our success entirely to the disuse of Indian meal dough. After the potatoes are disposed of we give our chickens all the fine cracked corn they will eat up clean. We cannot find in the grain stores corn cracked to the proper degree of fineness, and we have as a fixture in our poultry house a large sized coffee mill, such as grocers use, and we run the corn through that.

Of course large chickens, those which are ten or twelve weeks old do not need such fine ground corn, but the young birds do; in about two hours after the cracked corn is eaten, we give all the wheat screenings that the chickens will eat, and in another two hours spread before them a fresh meal of boiled potatoes. For supper they have all the cracked corn and wheat they can eat.

By this system of feeding the chickens are constantly tempted by a variety of healthy food and the result is a rapid growth and perfect immunity from disease.

If abundance of grass is not accessible to them, young chickens should have fed to them, at least one meal a day, of grass and clover chopped fine with a pair of scissors.

The best systems of feeding, however, will not avail if the young birds are permitted to become overrun with vermin. They should be anointed on their heads and under their wings and on their backs once a week, with a mixture of equal parts of lard and kerosene oil; and if the hens are anointed in the same way the additional labor will prove remunerative. Unless proper management is exercised chicken raising is one of the most unsatisfactory of employments, but if it is done systematically is as profitable and pleasant as any other business.

THE VEGETABLE MARKET.

The remarkably fine, warm weather with abundant rains which prevailed in April, gave a very early start to all kinds of vegetation, and the market was supplied with "native" rhubarb, asparagus, spinach, dandelions, etc., fully two weeks earlier than is usual. The reaction came in May, a long rainy spell followed by squally, cold winds, gave a check to all kinds of garden crops, and prices suddenly advanced in many cases fully one hundred per cent. A few days of warm weather with seasonable rains will put things down again.

On the morning of May 13th, there was a rather hard frost, hard enough to cut down the potatoes, corn and beans in many places, while other places not far off escaped; tomato plants also suffered on this occasion, where carelessly exposed or planted out. It is not thought that the blossoms of the fruit trees were injured by the frost; the promise of a good apple crop was never better, but pears do not look very well; they have not had so few blossoms for several years.

Winter grain and grass will ripen very early this year, and haying and harvesting may be expected to be in order fully two weeks before ordinary years. The grass crop in general is likely to be very good indeed.

MEASURING HAY.

A *Ploughman* subscriber, writing from Holliston, Mass., wishes to know how many square feet of hay it takes for one ton, and says: "The hay in view is as follows: English red top on scaffold, two central bands, full nearly to the beams; also meadow or brook hay, fine quality, mixed some with English in the bay, full nearly to the beams, none of these had end bands. This hay being put in the barn last summer, and corn stalks being on top from fall until into the winter, it is well settled." It is important for every farmer to know how many tons he has stored, because the number of cattle he may winter is always based upon the number of pounds of hay he can feed them. It is also important in case of buying or selling hay, because if the quantity in a mow can be approximated by measurement, it will save the labor of weighing and something in the value of hay, which will be deteriorated by the handling necessary to weigh it with the appliances ordinarily at hand in the country. Solon Robinson says, "In estimating for our own use, we would always count gross tons. In buying or selling, it should be as we could agree; the custom of the locality would govern the calculation." An "old farmer" wrote to a New York paper some time since that to those living at a distance from hay scales, the following plan would be desirable:

"Multiply the length, breadth, and hight into each other, and if the hay is somewhat settled, ten solid yards make a ton. Clover will take from ten to twelve solid yards per ton."

This statement was extensively circulated, and we print it here to prove that it is erroneous, which we do by the following testimony. We hope all who have circulated this error will inform their readers that, in a well-settled mow of good hay, where ten to twenty tons are stored together, they may ascertain the number of tons approximately, by careful measurement and calculation of one ton to from four hundred to seven hundred cubic feet, according to quality and the degree of pressure. Nowhere but in the bottom of a large mow of timothy hay will four hundred feet make a ton. But to the testimony. One writer says:

"At or near the bottom of a large mow where twenty tons are stored, four hundred and fifty feet will make a ton; while near the top of the same it would take seven hundred to seven hundred and fifty feet. It rarely takes one thousand feet, where hay has lain together a length of time, unless it be coarse and near the top, when it may sometimes require even that number of feet."

A farmer of Freeport, Me., says:

"In a mow forty feet long, sixteen feet wide, and fourteen feet deep, well settled, the common estimate is from four hundred and twenty-five to five hundred cubic feet for a ton. For some fifteen successive years I have pressed hay in my own barn from a mow less than the above, and the average number of cubic feet required—including tare, which is about five per cent.—has been about four hundred and twenty-five feet per ton."

A farmer of Saxon's River, Vt., says:

"I have had some experience in measuring and weighing hay, and find that of what we call scaffold hay, not pressed, of a coarse quality, it takes some seven hundred feet to the ton. But the scaffold hay pressed by grain being put on the top of timothy and red-top, free from clover, we have a rule to allow eight feet cube, or five hundred and twelve cubic feet to a ton, and the same rule will apply to a mow of considerable size and same quality. It takes somewhat more clover to make a ton."

A farmer of West Enosburg, Vt., says:

"When there is a large quantity together, four hundred cubic feet will make a ton; but where only a small quantity like a scaffold is stored, it will take for a ton not far from five hundred cubic feet. It depends something on the quality, but I am speaking of good herds-grass hay. I saw a scaffold measured and weighed a few days ago; it was twenty-six feet long, eleven feet wide, and nearly five feet high, making one thousand four hundred and thirty cubic feet; it weighed five thousand eight hundred pounds—so you must see that it varies but a fraction from five hundred feet to the ton."

A Jefferson County (N. Y.) farmer gives a cube of seven feet of good hay as a ton, by actual measurement and weight, in a large mow. "Scaffold hay," he says, "I buy or sell at five hundred and twelve feet, or eight feet cube for a ton."

An Oswego farmer says:

"I have just measured and weighed a mow of hay, two thirds clover and one third timothy, cut wet and dried, and pitched with a horse-fork, and stored six months in a mow twelve by twenty-six feet, ten feet deep, which took five hundred and forty-nine cubic feet for a ton."

A Georgetown, N. Y., farmer estimates five hundred feet as the fair average for a ton of hay in well settled mows, and seven hundred feet on scaffolds.

A Lewis Co., (N. Y.,) farmer says:

"I have carefully measured and weighed several mows of hay; in all cases it was weighed in the barn, and varied but little from four hundred cubic feet for a ton. A piece cut from the middle of a good-sized mow, seven feet square by eight feet deep, or three hundred and ninety-two feet, will weigh a ton. And there is not the difference generally supposed in the top or bottom of a hay-mow which has lain from harvest until winter. I speak of timothy or herds-grass, cut when the seed had nearly matured, mowed in the forenoon, and secured in the afternoon of the same day."

J. W. E., West Almond, Alleghany County, N. Y., says:

"I filled a mow that is fifteen by thirty feet with common timothy hay, so that it settled to twelve feet high. I weighed out twelve tons, which is four hundred and fifty feet to the ton."

J. T. K. gives the following weight and measure of his mows:

"Mow No. 1. twenty-one by twenty-one feet square, thirteen feet in depth, required four hundred and sixty solid feet to weigh two thousand pounds. This hay was timothy, not very coarse; cut while in blossom and well mowed away by two men.

"Mow No. 2, ten by twenty feet square, five and a half feet in depth, the hay the same quality as No. 1, required six hundred and fifty solid feet to weigh two thousand solid pounds.

"Mow No. 3, eleven by twenty-four feet square, fourteen feet in depth, timothy hay, part of it rather too ripe when cut; required five hundred solid feet to weigh two thousand solid pounds.

"My experience is, it will require five hundred solid feet of timothy hay, cut in season and mowed away as it should be, to weigh a ton taken from the centre of a mow twelve by twenty-four feet square, and ten feet in depth."

J. W. C., of Sullivan, Ashland County, Ohio, writes March 20th:

"That the result of weighing that day was one hundred and forty pounds to a cubic yard from a mow fourteen by sixteen feet, the hay lying about twelve feet deep, and that taken out to-day was half way down. This was timothy with a trifle of white clover, cut the second week of June, when the first blow was off. Previous weighing has clearly proved to me that timothy hay, cut when the blow is off, and before it is ripe and properly cured, will weigh from one hundred and thirty to one hundred and forty-six pounds to the cubic yard, and clover from one hundred and twenty to one hundred and forty pounds to the same. I find that fourteen and a half cubic yards of mow or stack hay well packed, if taken below half way down, will make one ton where there are more than four tons put up together; fifteen cubic yards, taking the whole together, will make one ton where there is not much clover among it; and clover will take of an average sixteen cubic yards."

THE POTATO BUG.

As this pest is likely to be fully as troublesome this year as last, we hope our farmers will not forget to take care of them in season.

There are two effectual ways, hand picking and poisoning by Paris green. If the field is of any considerable size and the bugs numerous, the latter is the only practicable method. Take one pound of Paris green and mix thoroughly with twenty or thirty pounds of damaged wheat flour or plaster of Paris, and dust the potato vines with it early in the morning while the dew is on them. A dredging box of tin mounted on a handle two or three feet long, will answer the purpose well, and can be cheaply made by any tinker.

THE CURRANT WORM.—As is well known, this insect is destroyed by a dusting of powdered hellebore applied early in the morning while the dew is on the bushes. The first generation of them has already matured and changed to flies, and in about two weeks the next generation must be looked for in greater numbers, and if not seasonably destroyed will destroy the bushes. By watching for them and destroying them while yet small, the bushes are saved with small expense.

The powdered hellebore is not a dangerous thing to handle; if it gets into the nose it causes slight irritation and sneezing, but is harmless. Paris green, however, is more dangerous and must be handled with care and kept out of reach of children. If the hands are cut or scratched be careful to keep them covered while using it.

THE WEATHER AND CROPS IN MINNESOTA.

Editor Massachusetts Ploughman:

I saw in the *Ploughman* that flour had gone up in price, on account of the mills in Minneapolis being blown up. The price has not been raised one cent here, but remains the same; in two or three months there will be more runs of stones than before. There is a large amount of wheat in the hands of farmers yet, and the prospect for a crop was never better in this State before; we shall probably have fifty million bushels. Saturday and Sunday nights last, we had heavy frosts that killed potatoes and other small vegetables; we have had no snow all winter. People are settling here and going to farming in earnest, and everything looks bright and prosperous in this State. N. L. H.

Brainerd, Minn., May 13, 1878.

RENEWING GRASS LANDS.

I have lately received many inquiries on different subjects, among which is the best way to renew old sod without breaking it up, to make good grass grow. This question I am not able to answer, for my experience teaches me to turn it over, and give a thorough good mixing of manure, composted one shovelful of loam to one of dung, the whole mixed with salt. The field is then reseeded with good orchard grass seed and clover, at the rate of 12 pounds of the latter, and 2 1-2 or 3 bushels of the former, to the acre. Let the land be thoroughly rolled before the seed is sown, and afterwards harrowed thoroughly with a fine tooth harrow until it is well covered. I would not advise sowing any grain with it. If for pasture, it should have a mixture of different kinds of grass seed, but if for mowing I do not think it should have anything except the orchard grass and clover, as the clover and orchard grass will come in early in June for cutting, and in the fall will make fine feed to turn cattle on. A great many persons will say it is wrong to feed off the after grass, but my experience is that the more you feed orchard grass, the more it will start out and become thick and matted.

The question has been asked what to do in a case where there is not the dung or compost. I certainly say that I have experienced the very best results from blood guano made into a compost and spread on before a rain storm. May 5th I used 3,400 pounds of it in this way, and I find where the blood guano is used on pasture, the cattle like it much better, and will eat much closer where it is put. I suppose it is the bone or salts of the blood guano which it contains. I can say that any one using it just at this season, or the pasture or mowing land, will be bountifully repaid for it before fall.—W. CROZIER, *in Country Gentleman.*

SAW LOGS.

The winter is the best time for farmers to get their logs to the saw-mill. The live, bright bark of oak and hemlock, is worth from $6 to $8 a cord, at the tan-yard. Then, too, the logs will dry and be much lighter to handle. For this purpose, this class of trees should be cut and hauled together the previous June, so that they may be peeled, and the bark saved for market.

For ease in loading, cut two large poles, draw them to a convenient side-hill, (or level ground, if there is no hill-side near the logs,) place them parallel to each other, with the top end up, and the butts down hill, and resting upon a cross-log, and you have a convenient log-way. Now haul your logs to the top end of the poles, and roll them on. They will dry, be clean from grit, and one man can load them on to a sled more easily than three could do it where they were felled. A "cant hook," used by lumbermen, should also be found among the farmer's tools. Besides being very handy for rolling logs, it is a first-rate tool to handle heavy stone with, either in the field, or in wall-laying.—*Exchange.*

WHITE WEED.

Any time during the month of May—late in the month would be better, on account of the green crop to plough in as a manure—plough in the white weed and prepare the furrows for sowing down to grass seed. This method is sure to kill the white weed, and should the grass seed get a good catch, the new crop would be doubled and fitted for haying by the 10th of September. This operation would pay all labor bills, and give the farmer a clean crop of hay, unmolested from the "Dutch cups." How many thousand acres of Maine mowing lands are aching for this special renovation? The plough is the instrument of death that will utterly destroy it. My father would go a mile with spade in hand to dig up the first sprinkling of it in his field.—HENRY POOR, *in Maine Farmer.*

Questions & Answers.

HARDY RASPBERRIES.

Editor Massachusetts Ploughman:

Will you please advise me through the *Ploughman*, what kind of red hardy raspberry could be successfully raised on good mellow sandy land with facilities for supplying muck, sawdust, etc. J. G.

Northboro, Mass., May 18*th*, 1878.

Raspberries of all kinds do very much better on strong stiff land, or deep black loam, than on sandy bottom; the only kind that will thrive on sandy land is the Philadelphia, and it is so soft and inferior a berry that it is not much in favor, although very productive and as hardy as most raspberries, all of which need some shelter to make them sure of a full crop.—[ED.

HENS AND CHICKENS.

Editor Massachusetts Ploughman:

I have seen numerous statements in the *Ploughman* about hens and chickens. I had sixty-seven (67) hens of mixed breeds Jan. 1st. I have lost two since. They have laid during January, February, March and April, three thousand five hundred and forty-five (3,545) eggs, while since January, from four to seven have been setting or with chickens. I have had as good success as ever in hatching this season. The hen has been at fault whenever the eggs have not hatched.

A READER OF THE PLOUGHMAN.

Northboro', Mass., May 18, 1878.

"CORN RAISING."

Editor Massachusetts Ploughman:

I noticed an article in the *Ploughman* of the 18th inst. on corn raising. Last year I ploughed up one acre of grass land; ploughed about eight inches deep, then spread on barnyard manure four cords to the acre, and cross ploughed it in; then harrowed both ways to pulverize the sods, furrowed it out length and crosswise, three feet apart, each way; put on two cords of manure more in the hills, planted with northern yellow corn, known as the Sturtevant seed, put five kernels to the hill, hoed twice.

The stalks in the field grew to an average of ten feet, and I got one hundred and two bushels of good shelled corn from the acre.

I ploughed the same piece of land late last fall; the first of last April I spread on six cords more of manure, ploughed and harrowed, and sowed six bushels of barley; it is now up about five inches, and as soon as it begins to head I intend to cut it for fodder to feed to milch cows.

My farms are situated in Braintree.

J. L. S.

Boston, May 20*th*, 1878.

PLANTING CORN.

Editor Massachusetts Ploughman:

"Melville" wishes to be informed how to plant corn so as to get 50 bushels per acre. I noticed he did not inform the readers of the *Ploughman* his way of applying manure whether in the hill or broadcast. Now if M. has good corn land and will apply 40 or 50 good ox carts bucks of manure to the acre broadcast, and furrow out 3 1-2 feet apart each way with four stalks in a hill, with a good corn year he can calculate on rather more than 38 bushels to the acre. I do not believe in applying manure, so we need a fife and drum to call the heaps together, but apply so the heaps will be neighbors to one another. A WELL WISHER.

Framingham, Mass., May 21*st*, 1878.

LARGE ASPARAGUS.

Editor Massachusetts Ploughman:

Since I wrote you last week I have cut one shoot of asparagus which weighed *one half of a pound*, avoirdupois. I have no idea how large asparagus does grow now, but if it should appear that my statement may be doubted, I will say to *you* that it was weighed in the presence of two persons who will certify to it. The above shoot was cut about four inches below the surface and eight inches of it above—was close-budded and in good cooking condition. My roots were set eight inches below the surface.

Very truly yours, S. T.

Dennis, May 20, 1878.

The Farm.

COUNTRY PEOPLE WANTED.

More country people are wanted. The country is on every account the desired locality from which to draw for the various trades and professions, but just now the positions for book-keepers, clerks, professions of all kinds and indeed all other supposed soft places are filled to overflowing. There are thousands of people in the cities out of employment who will never have steady work, so long as they do not go outside of the city limits in search of it.

A country is great and prosperous in proportion to the amount of its productive industry. When the drones outnumber the working bees then hunger threatens the whole, and all may well complain of "hard times." If one man has to feed and clothe himself and three others he is not only dissatisfied with his own share but the other three also complain. There are already too many "gentlemen and ladies;" too many who rely upon their ability for scheming and their chances for tricking from others the amount that is necessary for their support, and when the producing classes are crippled and this generous resource impaired, the wail of hard times is surely heard.

There are city people enough and to spare; the great need is country people—farmers and their families. See the abandoned farms and uncultivated lands in every direction, where at least, people of any force who are willing to work can secure a support independent of the hire of others and the fluctuations of speculation. Here is where country people are wanted, here is where they can be useful to themselves and to others.

Because the times are unfavorable and the farmer has to carry an undue share of the public burdens is not sufficient cause for his abandoning his farm without any defense. If instead of succumbing to adverse circumstances as many do, they would stand up manfully for the business in which they are engaged, and teach their sons to do the same, there would be increased prosperity among themselves, and their respectability would be enhanced with others, and the young would not all be eager to get into the city, or out West. It seems strange that any class of people should be so indifferent to their own welfare as to aid in depreciating the character of the locality or business upon which all their prosperity depends.—*Dirigo Rural.*

☞ The potato bugs are in large numbers in Staten Island, and have ruined many potato fields. The farmers say the bugs are on the surface of the ground, and destroy the sprouts as soon as they come up. In some sections the farmers are preparing to plant corn where the potato vines are destroyed.

The Dairy.

CARE OF HIGH-CONDITIONED COWS.

At this season it is timely to warn the owners of cows in high condition, or of heavy milkers, to guard carefully against plethora and suppression of the natural secretions just after calving. Many of the best cattle in the land, those on which the hope of the improvement of our herds must mainly rest, are lost to their owners and to the country for want of a little care at this critical period. If a fully developed cow is fleshy, full of blood, and thriving at the period of calving, and if she passes through the ordeal easily, with little expenditure of effort or of blood, she should be placed on the barest possible feeding for a week after parturition; and it were well if the same restriction should be maintained for five or six days before that act as well. A very limited supply of hay, sprinkled or scalded, may be given during this period, but all grain and roots should be withheld. If the cow is already at grass, she should be taken up until six days after calving. If the bowels are not already really loose, a pound of Glauber salts should be given as soon as the act of parturition has been accomplished, and the udder should be stripped clean three times a day during the next critical week. The cow should be alike protected from excessive heat of the sun, by shady corners, and from cold, chilling draughts, winds, and rains; also from a damp bed, and from close, impure air. By the end of the first week the danger is virtually over, and the cow may be gradually put upon the most nourishing diet, and the secretion of milk stimulated as far as may be desired.—*National Live Stock Journal.*

THE PRINCIPLES GOVERNING THE PRODUCTION OF MILK.

I understand very well, as probably every man does who handles milk, that there is a wide difference in the composition of pure milk, especially in the matter of the percentage of butter. All milk is richer in September than in June, and it varies in this respect in different cows in the same herd of cows. The circumstances which lead to this are many. The cow that is fleshy gives milk richer in butter than the cow that is thin and poor. One that has reached her full maturity gives better milk than she did before she reached that age; a cow that is gaining flesh day by day gives richer milk than a cow that is losing gradually. The condition of the pastures have also much to do with the quality of the production. This condition is governed in turn by the season. Experience has taught me that a cow's milk very deficient in butter oftener fattens a finer calf than that of a first-class butter cow. When a man tells me what a splendid fat calf his cow always rears, I do not wish to purchase her for a butter cow.

A man cannot produce milk profitably for any purpose without feeding his cows liberally with good, sound, highly nutritious food. The cow has been likened to a machine. It requires a certain amount of food to supply the demands of nature. All above that amount which she will take and assimilate will be converted into milk and flesh. The herd should be kept warm in winter, and fed and watered with regularity. Their diet should be varied as much as convenience will allow. Early cut hay, shorts, corn, meal, and vegetables should be included in the bill of fare, and we shall then be rewarded with milk in all the valuable components of the fluid.

On the other hand, the herd that is poorly fed, carelessly housed and cared for, cannot give anything but watery milk, almost worthless for butter or table.—*Scientific Farmer.*

The Poultry Interest.

YOUNG VERSUS AGED HENS.

There is science in the keeping of poultry successfully, especially with sizable flocks and a limited area of yard. A hen is a contradictory bird, unless studied and understood, and those most familiar with her tell us that a close knowledge of her habits and methods are essential to the best success. Some men know their fowls, and always have eggs and chickens; others not so well acquainted with their habits have the birds, but not the eggs nor the chickens which they expect.

There are one or two facts in a hen's life which it is well to remember. She lays not all the time but in successive litters of eggs, followed by a period of rest. This rest is a physiological necessity, and in the natural state is the provision for the hatching of the eggs previously laid, and to give opportunity for the moult. Consequently after the setting and the moult, we expect a recommencement of the laying period. How unwise then to "break up" the sitting hen, and feed her with stimulating food! Then again the young hen lays a larger litter than the aged fowl. It is probable that the first and second years of the hen's life are the most productive of eggs. How unprofitable, then, to kill off the young fowls, and to leave the aged fowls.

The hen keeper who succeeds the best is he who exercises the most judicious supervision over his flock; who allows the natural proclivities to take their course, and who checks the sitting proclivities of aged fowls by death. The young fowl sits and rests, but then lays; the aged fowl, in whom the egg-producing organs are weakened, often takes in sitting an unprofitable (to the owner) rest. Let the hen-keeper remember that to produce the largest number of eggs for a flock, he must keep young fowls; these he must study in order to rationally treat, and must vary his food and his methods as experience, carefully consulted, will always indicate.—*Scientific Farmer.*

POULTRY FLESH.

The value of poultry flesh, comparatively, that is to say when spoken of simply as table food, is not so various in different breeds of fowls, as some of the books and certain partial writers on the subject aim to make it out.

We not infrequently see it gravely stated that the meat of the Chinese or Asiatic breeds is "stringy and tough," or that the flesh of this or that smaller variety of fowl is very "tender and juicy," compared with that of some other kind of poultry. This is all fallacious, and a groundless theory.

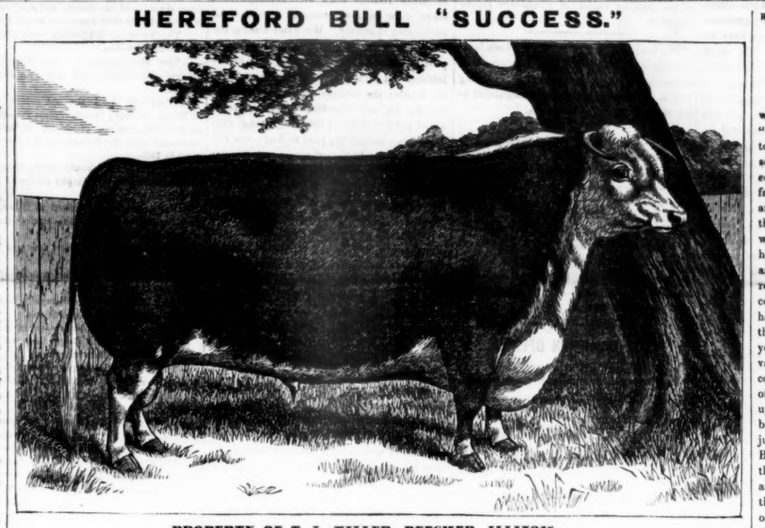
We have eaten of the flesh of every description of domestic fowl, from the Bantam to the Brahma—old and young—good and inferior. And we know that it is altogether more in the feeding of poultry, to render their meat toothsome when slaughtered, than it is in the sort or size of the fowl thus eaten.

An immature chicken of the slowly maturing sort, is, of course, lacking in rotundity and plumpness, if unseasonably killed for the table. But any variety of fowl, either young or old, that is badly or negligently fed and cared for, is naturally poor in flesh, "stringy," and unpalatable.

Well fed fowls of any breed, and such as have all they need for their comfort and thrift, from chickenhood upward, make excellent poultry for market, or for the private table. And there is no perceptible difference in the taste of the flesh of any sort of domestic birds, so far as we could ever distinguish. —*Poultry World.*

☞ Eggs hatch much better if the nests are made by placing a cut turf, and a shovel of mould, sand or ashes in the box or basket, and on this a little short straw, than if straw only is used. In this way a convenient hollow is obtained, that prevents the eggs rolling out from under the setting hen. In cool weather the eggs are kept of much more equal temperature than in nests made simply of loose straw.

HEREFORD BULL "SUCCESS."



PROPERTY OF T. L. MILLER, BEECHER, ILLINOIS.

We this week present to the readers of the *Ploughman* a cut of the Hereford Bull "Success," imported by T. L. Miller, of Illinois, from England, in the summer of 1873. It is claimed by his owner to be the best beef bull in America.

The cut goes far to support this claim; his weight is 2100 pounds—large enough—and not over large. His stock make up at two years old—say at thirty months at 1500 pounds, ripe and matured,—in fact, with reasonable good care they are always fit for the butcher, and here is where we desire to call the attention of our readers in New England to this breed of cattle. It is claimed for them that they will graze and feed at 25 per cent less cost than Shorthorns, and that the beef is worth 10 per cent more than Shorthorn beef, in the London markets. The first proposition can be sustained by the testimony of all parties who have bred, grazed or fed the two breeds.

A prominent breeder of both breeds in Canada places the difference much greater,—and says that three Herefords can be fed at the same cost of two Shorthorns, a difference of 50 per cent.

The second as to the value of the meat may be verified by the quotations of the London market for the past fifty years or more. The New England farms need just this to make them paying. The Boston market pays for good beef; it is one of the best markets for beef and dairy products in this country; and every New England farm is within one day of the Boston market, and thus enabled to take the advantage of the top prices—in fact, with such cattle, within three to six hours of Boston, the butchers of this city would engage in advance at long prices for special purposes and special times.

These cattle originated in England, in Hereford County, and are there marketed on special market days, and last December there were on the market in one day some two hundred and fifty head, mostly 2 year olds, and brought from $175 to $225 each. One pair two years and four months old, belonging to a Mr. Edwards, brought $450.

England has no advantage in breeding and feeding steers over New England.

Nearly or quite all of these Herefordshire farmers are paying a larger rental per acre than the farms of New England are worth.

There is no reason why farming in New England should not be followed with profit and pleasure and none why the sons as they grow up may not look forward to a life on the farm as among the pleasant anticipations of the future. Most of the farms in New England have the buildings necessary for a successful handling of stock.

If the Hereford has an advantage of 35 per cent over what is deemed the leading breed of beef cattle then there is an advantage that makes a profit of itself. There are two ways to reach this profit, to breed the cows now owned to thoroughbred Hereford bulls, and raise the grade Hereford steer; or buy the grade steer and feed.

Horticulture.

GRAPE PRUNING.

E. F. Ellwanger, the well known horticulturist of Rochester writes:—My vines have to submit to three main prunings in the year. Winter pruning, Spring (or Summer) and Fall pruning. Winter pruning is the most important, and should not be neglected, since it will renew and refresh the vines wonderfully. I commence soon after the leaves fall from the vine, and I prefer to complete the operation in December rather than at a later date. If any one month is to be selected, December is unquestionably the best month in which to do the pruning.

The matter of pruning can hardly be reduced to a single system of rules and regulations, since every variety needs pruning in accordance with its peculiar habits of growth. Such pruning as would be favorable to one kind might injure another variety. Pruning is a matter of study and experience. Grape shears are the most convenient for use, as I have found in thirty years' experience with them, but I broke with the springs the first day I used them, and so of late years I have done without them, getting my hand accustomed to the shears.

On examination of the vines it will be noticed that every spur has a main leader of last year's growth, which is the main fruit cane. Do not cut that down to two buds, for in the case of the Concord vine, for instance, the best fruit buds are from the third and up. Never cut out a healthy spur, since that is the medium of life and vigor. If the vines are on a trellis manage that the whole from bottom to top, may be covered with foliage and fruit. When tying up the vines spread them evenly apart. Have all pruning done before the first of April. Let us give proper attention to the vines, and Springtime will bring forth the opening buds and Autumn the fruit of our work.

CULTIVATION OF APPLES.

The following valuable suggestions are from an essay by Prof. Beal, of the Michigan Agricultural College:—

The young tree must be treated very much as you would treat a hill of corn. Hoed crops will answer in a young orchard. Sowed crops will do much harm to young trees. It is a good plan to keep young trees mulched. It prevents the rapid evaporation of moisture from the soil, keeps the surface mellow, prevents the soil from freezing and thawing in winter, and becoming overheated in summer. Whether to cultivate or not can be told by the looks of the trees. If the color of the leaves is good and the growth all right, and the trees bear well of fine fruit, they are doing well enough even in grass. To judge of the condition of an apple tree is much like judging of the condition of sheep in a pasture.

FERTILIZERS FOR GRAPE VINES.

Bone dust, wood ashes and such like fertilizers are best for grape vines in low ground. Stable manure applied in large quantities on damp soil will produce diseased vines. On dry ground the effect is beneficial. The best soil for grapes is dry, light, warm and rich. On such a soil apply top-dressings of well rotted manure, alternating every third year with a dressing of slacked lime. Where grapes are being raised on damp ground care must be taken to keep the roots near the surface.—*Western Rural.*

ROSE SLUG.—The *Gardener's Monthly* recommends the following to destroy the rose slug: Add a teaspoonful of powdered white hellebore to two gallons of boiling water. Apply when cold, in a fine spray, bending the tops over so as to reach the under surface of the leaves. One application is usually sufficient. This is a good way to treat the currant worm.

INSECTS IN WINTER.

It does not necessary follow that we will have an unusual number of injurious insects because of the mild winter. Insects hibernate in either the pupa or the chrysalis state, and instinct has been so strong with them that they can generally pass with certainty the winters of the section in which they are found. There is just as much reason to believe they will be destroyed by a mild as a severe winter, as in the former the pupa or chrysalis may be warmed into an imago by the premature spring-like weather, and then killed by a sudden change of temperature. Again when the winter is severe, and warm weather does not come until it comes to stay, the insects will not be warmed into life until the proper time for them to enter upon the accustomed summer career.—*Farmer's Home Journal.*

The Horse.

MANGE.

The following is a safe and most effective remedy: Whale (sperm) oil, six ounces; oil of tar, three ounces; lac sulphur, two ounces. The skin should be thoroughly washed before the remedy is applied. At the end of the second or third day, the animal is again to be washed, and the remedy re-applied, as it is very possible that all the ova (of the mange insect) are not killed by the first dressing. Mange being a contagious disease, it is essential that your horse should be kept from other horses. The clothing is to be boiled in a solution of soap and carbolic acid, and the harness, saddle and grooming utensils washed with warm water and soap, and dressed with a solution of arsenic, or corrosive sublimate, in the proportion of ten grains to the ounce of water. This may be repeated.—*Spirit of the Times.*

Porcine.

JERSEY RED SWINE.

Being a producer as well as a packer of hogs, I am led to contribute some items of general interest to the business. I claim that Burlington county, N. J., is the banner county of the world, both as to round lots of hogs of the greatest weight, and as to pounds of pork to the acreage of the county. The predominant swine are Jersey Reds. A few of our amateur farmers (myself included) are experimenting with the fancy black breeds, but are not ready yet to astonish any one with figures. Those who are seriously and solemnly engaged in farming for a living stick to the Reds, which have of late years been greatly improved, until now it is claimed that in form and neatness they are equal to any, in constitution much more hardy than any other breed, and capable of taking on fat to the extent of 800 to 900 pounds live weight, several pens having reached this weight this season.

I will enumerate some lots, purchased last month, which are notable for weight. Mr. Richard Harrison of Cream Ridge, delivered 21 wintered hogs, average dressed weight two days after slaughter, 656 lbs; also 21 May pigs, average dressed weight 229 lbs. During the last 16 years, Mr. Harrison has marketed 463 wintered hogs, at about 21 months in age. The average dressed weight of the whole is 538 lbs., or an estimated live weight average of 628 lbs. it is safe to say that for sixteen successive crops this has never been equalled. Mr. Harrison has been breeding for quality as well as quantity, and certainly has bred his stock to a fine form. Mr. Samuel Southard of Cream Ridge delivered 18 hogs 22 months old, which averaging 700 1-2 lbs dressed weight two days after slaughter. His entire pen of wintered hogs, weighed two days after slaughter, averaged 696 3-4 lbs dressed—equal to 824 lbs live weight. He also delivered 21 shoats, red, 9 months old, which averaged 323 1-2 lbs dressed—equal to about 400 lbs live weight. Mr. Southard has been awarded an elaborate gold badge as being the champion hog feeder of the world, and expects to hold it three years against all contestants, when it will become his property. He challenges competition.

Mr. Jos. Carter, a neighbor of Mr. Southard, delivered 18 hogs which averaged 697 lbs weighed very dry two days after slaughter. Mr. Carter announces the weight of his 18 best at 728 8-9 lbs on the day of slaughter, and his heaviest hog at 921 lbs dressed. His whole pen of 23 head of 22-months old hogs averaged 677 1-2 lbs net on my scales two days after slaughter. This is equal to an average live weight of about 810 lbs. His 18 shoats averaged 291 1-4 lbs dressed—equal to about 350 lbs live weight. Mr. P. S. Bodine, of Pemberton, delivered 18 hogs, about 21 months old, the average dressed weight of which was 613 3-4 lbs. Mr. Bodine's hogs had all the quality that could be desired, and were a great credit to him as a breeder and feeder. The ordinary average of wintered hogs is about 450 to 500 lbs net, and for 8 to 9 months old shoats 250 lbs net. Fully nine-tenths of Burlington county farmers make a specialty of hogs, and the average crop of a farm of 120 acres is about 15,000 lbs dressed pork. Besides this, they fatten calves, lambs and capons for the New York market, and in these last three products beat any county in the United States.—*John Taylor, in Country Gentleman.*

☞ Cheese, as met with in the market, varies greatly in composition. Good kinds contain from 30 to 35, and inferior kinds 38 to 45 per cent. of water; rich sorts include from 25 to 30 per cent. of fats and about the same proportion of albuminoids. Poor cheese often contains only 6 per cent. of fats and 40 to 60 per cent. of water. The amount of ash varies from 3 to 10 per cent.

The Apiary.

CAN EVERY FARMER KEEP BEES?

Much has been said as to the propriety and desirability of every one to keep bees. It is said that the farmer should keep bees, the lawyer, doctor, mechanic, preacher and teacher should keep bees—everybody should keep bees. There could be no objection to everybody keeping them, yet that every one can and will keep them properly seems already sufficiently answered by the many failures that occur every year, as the fruits of neglect and mismanagement.

If there is one class to which bee-keeping seems more especially adapted than to any other it is the farmer; surrounded as he is by all that is essential to the prosperity of the bees. The bloom of his orchard, pastures, fields and forests, furnish a bountiful harvest of delicious sweets which the bee alone knows how to gather, and the farmer loves so well to enjoy. His trees and shrubs afford a pleasant shade for his hives, which, if rightly arranged add much to the beauty and adornments of home, while the care necessary to attend to his little untiring labors is a mere matter of recreation and pleasure, and which is repaid a hundred fold by them in return. It is no exaggeration to say that it requires less labor to care for a flock of bees than to raise a calf, pig, or lamb, while the profits are many times greater.

Everything in bee-keeping, however, does not depend on location. The manner in which many farmers keep their bees, almost forces one to conclude that they are either too indolent or ignorant to ke

expended and the ability displayed. If theirs is half farming, what is ours? England has reached a high perfection in agriculture, those noble lords to the contrary, and it is indebted for it largely to the Royal Agricultural College and similar institutions, and the labors of such men as Coleman, Buckman, Voelcker, Brown, and other past and present scientific agriculturists, and it only enhances our opinion of the value of what has been done when we read the criticisms of those who discuss the capabilities of her soil and lament that the progress in developing its productive powers is not rapid enough.

We will not believe that those who declaim against or sneer at the efforts of others to provide means to educate the young agriculturist, doubt the benefit of a proper professional education for them, but only that they consider the present means inadequate or different from what they should be. That is a fair question to be discussed—Whether such boys should have more practical agriculture at the school or college farm and less general instruction—Whether those who have graduated at the farm and know the tools, should not take in hand the first year the academic graduates and instruct them in the use of the machines, tools and practical working of the ground, under the main direction of the Professor of Agriculture. It would seem important that every graduate of a school of this nature, should have an opportunity to learn all about the most improved machines and their practical application to the soil and to work with, on and behind them as well as to be taught the nature of the soil and manures, and the causes of the fertility of the former and the proper application of the latter. In a word the student of a four year course should be turned out a theoretical and practical agriculturist, able to manage a farm from the dungyard to the breeding stables, give his reasons for what he does, and these accomplishments should be acquired if necessary at the expense of more ornamental studies if the latter are at all incompatible with the former.

BOBOLINK.

[From the Boston Post.]

Robert of Lincoln is here. He came dashing through the blossoming surburban gardens in the sunlight of Sunday morning, just a week late, which raises a mere suspicion that he was engaged last week at Cincinnati. He is the same little musical rattlebox he always was. He carols, warbles and sings all together as if he would split his palpitating throat. The same brilliant motley covers his back and wings, and he reels and staggers just as before along his aerial track in the rudderless exuberance of his irrepressible joy. "Here I am!" begins his rollicking score, as the practised ear translates it. Back again to fore weather; buckwheat and apple blossoms; Amazon and Mexico; cherrylink and toodlelink; where are we now; come, come, come on; tall grass in June; sun's up; ha, ha, ha; over the fields; how do I look; summer's here; good-by; call again." And he and his rattling song disappear together, like the flash of a blade in the sun across the green meadow. What a new world, with everything new in it, that turbulent, tumultuous strain sets afloat, like a brilliant soap bubble in the air, to the awakened imagination. It says to the heart whatever the heart most craves. There is the gay morning song in it and the pealing music of invisible bells; the shivering of glass and the dropping of sounds into airy wells; an outburst of jollity and the delicate sweep of the chords of about-home associations; all that is simple, cheery, gladsome and contagious.

When the bobolink returns summer is surely here. It is but for a brief two months that he pours his merry melodies in our ears, swimming in the flood of his own song from the tip of the apple-tree to the thistle that is purpling in the growing grass. He comes a full week in advance of his soberer wife, and selects the tussocks in the meadow for her to keep house in. He is no basket-maker or hammock-swinger among birds. He does not cleave the air like the lark, nor perch on the birch-pire like the red mavis. But he sprinkles his notes over the grass flying low above the clover-tops and buttercups, and breaks into fragments the little story of his new ecstacy. He waits till the matin song of the rest of the feathered tribe is spent, and then he revels in the sunshine through the forenoon, and dozes away the hours of the day with his lively recitative again in the shadows of the lengthening twilight. He has no note that is not merry, as if he would merely make us all in love with the season. He belongs to the youth and beauty of inimitable June. His coat is pied with as many colors as the blossoms that clothe the orchards and spangle the meadows. He does not hang about his house-door, but keeps out on the wing as if he were floated by his own song, and fills the air with the flood of his cascading melody. The mocking-bird of the South listens in despair, and attempts no imitation. Some choose the owl for crest or signet, and others the heron, the falcon, and the dove. We would have our roystering, bantering, chattering little early summer friend, the bobolink, who fears no future that makes the present overrun with his innocent delight.

CROP AND MARKET REPORTS.

[County Gentleman.]

The condition of the crops in Canada may be summed up as follows: Hay good—large 6 weeks, where healthy—quantity soon exceeds that of last year; oats look well, and more to be sown; barley, average; potatoes are not all planted. The rains have greatly delayed farmers. On the average, one-third of the crops are yet to be sowed. Fruit promises well, although some injury has been done by the late frosts.—At the south, judging from the report of Commissioner Janes of Georgia, there is a general increase in acreage of wheat, corn and oats, and good prospects for these crops. Some rust is reported on wheat, but nothing serious. There will be a full average acreage of cotton and rice, and an increased acreage of sugar cane. The peach crop of Georgia promises well, but apples and pears are likely to be a light crop. One encouraging statement in Mr. Janes' report is that farmers are purchasing about 25 per cent. less guano than last year and of the amount purchased only 56 per cent. is bought on credit.—From May 11th to 14th more or less severe frosts occurred all over the country north of 40 degrees, and even in Virginia and Kentucky all small fruits were injured to some extent, and apples and cherries were killed in some of the Northwestern States. In these States some damage was done to corn, garden vegetables, &c. In Northern New York, New England and Canada there was some snow, and the frost was very severe. To a limited extent the wheat crop, where headed out, was injured, but little damage is apprehended to this crop. Apples escaped serious damage in Western New York and Michigan on account of the protection of the young leaves, which are much larger than usual at this season. Such a frost at this stage of vegetable growth is fortunately very unusual. Forty-four years ago a similar occurrence took place, but the frost was still more severe, killing the foliage on the forest trees in this State, and even the trees in some cases were killed. At that time snow fell here to the depth of 23 inches.—Prices in all farm products are rather tending downwards, where any change is noticed. The California papers are hoping for sufficient European trouble, to create a demand for wheat that shall raise prices a little, as their crop is likely to be very large and they want to make up for last year's losses.—Wool is beginning to come into market, even at present low prices. Last year buyers lost heavily, and it is possible that the market will not open so brisk as usual. Generally there is sufficient competition for the crop to put prices up as high as the State of the woollen trade will warrant, and this year will probably prove no exception. The time to sell is when competition is high. In all cases the crop should be marketed in good condition if competition is desired.

☞ J. B. Stickney gave an account at a meeting of the Wisconsin Horticultural Society, of the orchard of A. B. Whitney, of Franklin Grove, Ill. He has one hundred and sixty acres in orchard—one hundred acres in bearing. The crop in 1876 was twenty-five thousand bushels. He raises crops among the trees until they require the ground; then an occasional ploughing and pasturing of sheep. He expended $1,000 in one year in destroying canker-worms, to which he gives no quarter. His remedy is whale-oil soap, six pounds to forty gallons of water, one gallon to a tree. His sheep take care of the codling-moth.

☞ A little green bug is destroying the blue grass in Kentucky. Great fields are said to be ravaged by it, the grass looking as if it had suffered a protracted drouth.

The Ploughman.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, MAY 25, 1878.

Since the Legislature adjourned, it looks deserted about the State House locality on Beacon Hill.

The prospect of an European Congress improves, although it is not believed in Vienna that anything will come of it.

Boston is asked to take the initiative in the establishment of Developing Schools, at which lads learn to earn their own living by skill at handiwork.

There has occurred another terrible disaster at the Sydney coal mines, with an attendant loss of life among the miners.

There is intense excitement along the Canadian border, and accounts concur in saying there is good reason for it. A Fenian invasion is seriously feared.

Live hogs, as well as cattle, are being shipped from this port to Europe. Exports continue to increase steadily.

The numerical status of the army is one of the leading topics of discussion before Congress.

The business men in New York have been holding an indignation meeting over the Customs Investigating Committee, charging that it is a spying system and calculated to injure their legitimate business.

The British Admiralty are taking effective measures to counteract the harm threatened to British commerce by Russian cruisers, such as are sought to be equipped in American waters.

Scientific men are greatly interested in the splitting open of Bald Mountain, in North Carolina, which has been indicating unusual internal disturbances for some time. The rent is about 300 feet long and 30 to 50 feet wide, and bottomless.

THE CAMPAIGN OPENED.

The first note of preparation of the campaign of 1878 was inaugurated at the enthusiastic meeting of the joint committees of the New England and Worcester County Agricultural Society at the Bay State House in Worcester, on the evening of May 16th. If anything was needed to convince the most sceptical, that the New England Agricultural Society lived firmly and deeply in the hearts of the people, this large gathering of men truly representing the Agricultural wealth and industry of New England must have furnished the missing evidence. The States were fully represented either by the presence of members of the Executive Board or letters expressing the heartiest sympathy and interest in the coming Fair.

Worcester, itself, headed by its chosen chieftain, Mayor Pratt, was hearty in its expression of interest and earnest in its determination to secure a triumph for the New England Fair, worthy of the Society and the location it has chosen for its exhibition. The meeting commencing at eight o'clock continued with unabated interest until midnight. The Committees were selected and appointed with great care—and the matter of premiums in all classes was discussed with zeal and determined by unanimous approval.

The arrangements for the detail of the Fair were only partially made. His Honor, Mayor Pratt, was elected Chief Marshal, with authority to appoint six assistants. State Marshals were selected, and their names appear in another column in connection with the announced committees.

It was voted that Col. Needham and His Honor the Mayor, should be a Committee to invite the President of the United States and the members of his cabinet to attend the great Fair. This movement met with a hearty response. Under no circumstances more favorable could the Magistrate of this great nation obtain a view of the agricultural wealth and industry and skill of New England; under no more favorable circumstances could he be introduced to the representative men of the New England States. It is not yet determined who shall be the orator. The matter was referred to the same Committee with full powers.

The premium list will be at once issued and the note of preparation having been sounded, our agricultural people, as one man, will enlist in this great enterprise of peace, good will and human brotherhood and secure for the coming Fair triumphs and honors which none but the brave, intelligent and faithful can ever achieve.

MACHINERY AS A PROBLEM.

One of the papers earliest read this week at the Social Science Association at Cincinnati was concerning the great changes which had been wrought within the last few years in the condition of society and industry by the introduction and improvement of machinery. The figures produced were even startlingly instructive, viewed from the speaker's standpoint, and calculated to excite the most serious apprehensions. The simple truth is, machinery has changed the modes of production in all its departments, and consequently the condition of the labor that was formerly applied. It turns out larger results at less cost and with fewer hands, and in that way compels, rather than suggests, a recasting of industrial society. Of its ability to bring on in the end a revolution in the general social condition the writer appeared to entertain little doubt.

The machinery for making boots and shoes will fairly illustrate the position taken. The problem of course is as to the remedy; whether to interpose with legislation or to leave things to the operation and adjustment of natural laws. It is charged that modern machinery has broken up and destroyed our whole system of agriculture as practised by our fathers, driving men in large numbers to the towns to seek for employment, or compelling them to a condition of idleness. It is charged also with breaking up our system of household and family manufactures; our system of working in wood and iron and leather; our system of individual and independent action in production and manufacture; has so enormously developed the power of production as to outstrip man's utmost capacity for consumption; and has thrown out of employment substantially one-half of the working classes.

This is a very serious showing; it should have its compensations in order to be endurable. The natural supposition is, or ought to be, that invention and ingenuity cannot be applied too rapidly for the purpose of saving labor. The question really is, whether the fault lies with machinery or with the distribution of its products; and whether the latter does not in turn depend quite as much on a proper distribution of occupations as upon anything else. There is one occupation that is not overcrowded, and so far as we can judge is never likely to be. If production by machinery goes on faster than consumption can keep pace with it, the readiest solution of the trouble will be found in an enlargement of the markets, that is, an increase of consumers—but if they are not to be found at home, then they must be sought abroad.

It is a fallacy to assert, however, that machinery is breaking up our agricultural system. The truth is, it is simply developing it. There are no more mouths on the earth than the food produced from it will fill. What with war, pestilence and famine, human population is pretty sure to be kept down within reach of the highest capacity of productive agriculture. It is an inevitable law that where food supplies are abundant and cheap, population is crowded and swarming; and the reverse is no less true. Only let machinery quadruple the sustaining power of the earth, and unless the laws of distribution are interfered with by experimental legislation it will be found that the population would multiply correspondingly. Machinery of all kinds is no doubt destined to bring more leisure to the human race, and then it will begin a new career in which mere labor must play a subordinate part.

THE LEGISLATURE.

As expected, the Legislature adjourned *sine die* on Friday afternoon of last week, after a session of 177 days, or one day more than the session of 1877. The Governor had signed 284 bills and 18 resolves. Although so much routine work was accomplished, there were but few measures passed of an engrossing character. We name among the more interesting and important—an act to provide for the payment in gold coin of the interest and principal of Massachusetts scrip on bonds; the savings banks stay law, so called; an act directing interchangeable street railway tickets; one respecting vagrants; one forbidding pool selling; one relative to the pollution of rivers and streams used as sources of water supply; one relative to tender of offer of judgment in land damage and lien cases; one relating to payments for purposes of burial from the estates of deceased persons; a registration and election law for the city of Boston; one in relation to innholders and common victuallers; and one to reorganize the State detective force. Also an act limiting the sum recoverable for damages or injury caused by defects in highways. The bill concerning biennial sessions and elections was rejected; so was the bill dividing towns into election districts; also the one respecting woman suffrage; the one refusing to part with the interest in the Tunnel; the one relative to street vending; the liquor bill; the one proposing aid to the Boston and Poughkeepsie Railroad; and the one favoring the six million loan to the New York and New England Railroad Company. The amount of real work has not been large, yet the time has all been occupied and the session closed leaving the Commonwealth abundantly legislated for until another similar body shall assemble next January.

CONGRESS.

The interest developed in Congressional proceedings the past week has culminated in the passage of the bill authorizing investigation into the alleged electoral frauds in Florida and Louisiana. A committee of investigation has been appointed by the speaker of the House, and the work is promised to be brought to a conclusion before the present session of Congress terminates. The Senate has been discussing a bill to place the name of Gen. Shields on the retired list, which was finally defeated after being loaded with amendments. The House has been discussing the army bill, the struggle being to keep the army at a numerical strength estimated to be sufficient for the preservation of order and public peace. The bill providing a proper government for the District of Columbia is still before the Senate, not disposed of. A general revision of the patent laws is proposed in the House. But little actual business has been done during the week. The matter of final adjournment is yet to be considered.

Enthusiasm in Worcester.—The feeling at the heart of the Commonwealth over the approaching Fair of the New England Agricultural Society is one of universal enthusiasm. The entire population of the city of Worcester are warmly enlisted in the welcome enterprise, and are engaged in its advancement in every possible way. Mayor Pratt leads the popular sentiment energetically with word and work, infusing into it all of his own spirit and will, and giving the practical guarantee that it is to be the most brilliantly successful Fair of any yet held by the Society. In all his efforts Mayor Pratt is seconded and supported with equal vigor and enthusiasm by the Secretary of the Society, Hon. Daniel Needham, whose expectations regarding the Fair are of the highest and firmest character. Worcester is famed for its generous spirit of hospitality, on which it promises to make the freest drafts in order to signalize the coming event as one of the most notable in the Society's brilliant history. The farmers of New England are cordially proffered a hearty greeting in September, and bidden to give themselves no uneasiness about abundant personal accommodations and comforts during the week of the Fair. All the omens are favorable for such a season as no similar assemblage of farmers and their friends has ever enjoyed in New England. What Worcester undertakes in good earnest, as she has set about this business, she carries through in a truly famous manner; and we predict for the next New England Agricultural Fair a result that will leave a memorable record.

BRITISH QUARANTINE ON IMPORTED STOCK.

The passage of a "Contagious Diseases (animals) Bill," by parliament, has been the subject of long and somewhat excited discussion in our British contemporaries. The measure has not yet passed, we believe, but we observe that an amendment has been agreed to, exempting animals imported from Canada and the United States from those provisions as regards quarantine or immediate slaughter, which apply to other countries. Of this amendment, *Bell's Messenger* says, no complaint should be made, and adds:

"The best possible quarantine animals can have is a sail of 12 to 15 days on the great rivers of the American Continent and across the Atlantic. In this, too, there is another important consideration. As the cattle have to be so many days on the sea, they have to be well treated both as regards space and litter and feeding. As a rule, in the smooth season animals do not waste in flesh, while some of them gain meat. We have seen many American and Canadian beasts landed that were far more fresh in condition than home-fed animals usually are when they arrive at the Metropolitan Market. As the charge for bringing these cattle is £7 10s. per head, all parties to the bargain naturally take care that no avoidable injury occurs. With animals, however, that are packed like herrings in a barrel from 48 to 60 hours, and not allowed to lie down all the time, which is the practice in shipping Dutch and Danish cattle, the suffering must be something terrible, and the loss in flavor, quality and weight, is, as we have shown above, at a corresponding ratio."

☞ Mr. E. Duncan Sniffen, 31 & 32 Astor House offices New York, an advertising agent of considerable ability, makes the following truthful remark in a recent number of the New York *World* in regard to newspaper advertising:

The newspaper is so comprehensive in its scope, so universal in administering to the wants of all classes, and of every occupation in life; it brings as it were, the financial and commercial markets of the world to our counting rooms, so that it may be truly said that a good advertisement in a widely-circulated newspaper is the best of all possible salesmen—one who never sleeps and is never weary, who goes after business early and late, who accosts the merchant in his store, the lawyer in his office, the student in his study, the cultivated woman at the family fireside, who can be in a thousand places at once, and address a million of people each day, saying only the best thing at the right time and in the best manner.

Now this typical salesman talks only about his own business in his own interest, and if in a crowd, he must, in order to secure a hearing, be more conspicuous than his competitors, and at all times he must be as attractive as possible. The work involves intelligence, a good deal of ingenuity, and original and ready resource to make the stale matter of yesterday fresh and inviting to-day. This is the kind of newspaper advertising that it pays to do, and that we undertake to do.

☞ We cheerfully call the attention of our readers to the merits of Dobbins' Electric Soap, (made by Cragin & Co., 144 State Street, Boston), who confidently ask a trial. The soap will tell its own story. We advise you to try it.

READ AND RUN.

—Worcester feels particularly happy in view of the Agricultural Exhibition to be held there by the New England Agricultural Society in September.

—The Magazines for June are out again for summer, as will be seen from our monthly notices in another column.

—Another dog-show is going on in New York.

—The Phonograph attracts crowds of interested observers at Horticultural Hall, who all agree that they never saw such a wonder before.

—The Cincinnati Musical Festival last week was taken care of by sixteen regular policemen.

—Banting, the Englishman who wrote a treatise on the subject of exchanging fat for lean, has himself gone the way of all flesh.

—The Chicago Commune has a civil branch and a military branch.

—More steamship lines are called for, to connect Boston with South America.

—It is a beautiful German custom to greet the sunrise with the joyous notes of their spring song, on the day of the May Feast.

—Russia's right to organize war against England on an United States base is exciting discussion in various quarters. As it is put, it is certainly an interesting question.

—The Legislatures everywhere are putting up the shutters and locking the doors.

—The question of relieving street travel from the crowding horse-cars is still a prominent one in issue in the city.

—The citizens of East Boston some few years ago planted out about two thousand shade trees along the sides of the streets, and now they are beginning to get their return for it, many fold.

—The losses at Gettysburg were about the same as at Waterloo.

—The coal capitalists keep lowering the amount of the mining and advancing the price of coal.

—"Professor Jim," the old colored janitor at Trinity College, Hartford, died the other day at the advanced age of ninety. He had been connected with the College since its establishment in 1825.

—Exeter, N. H., already shows eleven hundred signatures to the Murphy pledge of temperance.

—News has been received at Ottawa from London, official in character, stating that war with Russia was inevitable.

—The mad dog excitement has now broken out in Haverhill.

—New Hampshire is being extensively depredated by tramping burglars.

—Both of the elevated railways in New York are about ready to begin operations.

—There is a blue ribbon revival in Marlboro.

—The exports from Boston last week were nearly a million dollars in value.

—The last burial service was held in the Charlestown Prison on Monday morning, over the remains of a convict who had died on Saturday.

—A six years' litigation over the question of making ground glue has just been brought to a termination in the United States Supreme Court.

—The State of California is the name of the first vessel bought of us by Russian agents, and she was recently launched on the Delaware.

—The title of Appledore, one of the Isles of Shoals, has been confirmed to the Laighton. The State of Maine contested it.

—Rev. Mr. Jasper, the colored preacher of Richmond, is travelling through Northern cities, preaching that the sun moves and the earth stands still.

—The movement of troops from India into Europe by England is regarded by astute judges as a highly dangerous policy.

—Barzillai Bumpus, of East Wareham, aged ninety-two years, walked one day last week from his house to the Narrows to make application for a pension as a surviving soldier of the war of 1812.

—Mrs. Myra Clark Gaines is now after several millions in the heart of St. Louis. She keeps them stirred up, the whole length of the Mississippi River.

—The Savings Banks Commissioners are continually called on to make new applications of the Stay Law.

—The Prince of Wales and party made an early visit to the American department of the Paris Exposition, and expressed himself highly gratified.

—The Emperor of Germany frankly thinks that an attempt to take his life should be punishable with death.

—Dr. Dio Lewis has been confined to his house in this city by severe illness.

—The Fruit Dealers' Association are waging vigorous warfare upon all forms of street vending of fruit, and in every nook and corner.

—The negro, Ten Eyck, found guilty of the murder of the Stillmans, has been convicted at Pittsfield and sentenced to be hanged on the 16th of August.

—St. Louis has been visited with a great tornado, that uprooted the largest trees and blew down buildings.

—Decoration Day is close at hand.

—Theodore Tilton has gone to Europe, and left everything behind him.

—The Social Science Association has been in session during the week in Cincinnati, and several valuable papers have been read.

—Great Britain is making all her preparations to defend India, in case of a war with Russia.

—Barnum takes up the attention of Boston next week.

—The frost did a good deal of damage to some of the strawberry cultivators in the neighborhood.

—The Boston Microscope Society has had what is called a field-day at Wellesley.

—Mr. Lorillard is to drive his coach and four from Boston very soon, and he will be entertained on his arrival here by the Somerset Club.

—By the end of the present week, all the prisoners at Charlestown will have been removed to Concord.

—Live cattle by the hundreds are being taken out by the steamers from this port for Europe.

—Great efforts are being made to secure locations for peanut and fruit stands on the Common.

—Bluefish have made their appearance on the Nantucket shore, three weeks earlier than usual.

—At one time this Spring, there were more than forty thousand tulips in blossom in the Public Garden.

—The old prison at Charlestown has had over ten thousand prisoners in the seventy years of its existence and occupation.

—The little boat, Nautilus, in which two brothers of Beverly are to cross the Atlantic if they can, is now on exhibition at City Point, South Boston.

—Rev. Mr. Murray is to take a year's vacation. Meanwhile, his church in Music Hall will be closed.

—Harvard College is in some trouble ove, the regular examination papers, and dismissals have taken place somewhat freely.

—The rhododendron shows in the suburban gardens are now in their full glory.

—Gen. Pope asserts that, under present Indian treaties, the Indians have been annihilated and the whites murdered.

—The Communists of New York have issued their address.

—Fruit in Ohio, and in the West generally, was not damaged by the recent frosts.

—The first new wheat of the season was received in St. Louis on Monday, from Dallas, Texas.

—An officer on the Cimbria, at Ellsworth Harbor, said that if war broke out they meant to burn all the English vessels captured.

—Fifteen millions of human beings are now starving in China, and at least sixty millions are affected by it. The cause is short crops.

—Secretary Sherman is surer than he ever was that resumption of specie payments will take place on the 1st of January.

—There has been a dreadful earthquake in Venezuela, and one entire town was destroyed, together with three hundred lives.

—The condition of Europe in reference to peace or war appears to be as perplexing as ever, if not more so.

—There have been exciting debates of late in the British Parliament. The Liberal party is antagonizing the government in respect to the war.

—Some sixty generals will appear in the procession in New York on Decoration Day, with General Sherman at their head.

—The entire border line of Canada is in a state of tremor from the Fenian scare. There has been discovered much good ground for it, too.

—The Lerdo conspirators in Mexco are very flat just now, but the internal condition of the government is unsettled. It may take centuries to calm Mexican civilization down.

—Rioting is over in the English manufacturing districts, and a compromise between the workingmen and employers is deemed possible.

Our National Credit.—The New York syndicate of bankers have found so good a market for the 4½ per cent. U. S. bonds they are selling for the government, that they have called for the whole issue—$50,000,000—though not bound by their agreement to complete the transaction until the close of the year. These bonds, it will be remembered, are paid for in gold, which gold is reserved exclusively for redemption purposes, and there can no longer be doubt of the ability of the government to begin specie payments on the 1st of next January. These bonds have sold at the rate of about $1,200,000 a day; the price is now $1054 with accrued interest. So the country's credit stands well in the opinion of the financial world.

NEW ENGLAND AGRICULTURAL SOCIETY.

THE FAIR OF 1878.

Preliminary Meeting of the Executive Officers at Worcester.

APPOINTMENT OF COMMITTEES.

The officers of the New England Agricultural Society met the committee of arrangements of the Worcester Agricultural Society at the Bay State House, Worcester, May 16th, for the purpose of arranging some of the details of the New England Fair to be held in that city the first week in September. The New England Society was represented by Hon. Daniel Needham, of Boston, Secretary, Col. Geo. W. Riddle, of Manchester, N. H., Treasurer, Messrs. Wm. E. Barrett of Providence, R. I., George Campbell of Westminster, Vt., and E. H. Hyde of Stafford, Ct., vice presidents, and Messrs. W. F. Boyd of Mansfield, Mass., and Geo. Noyes of *Boston*, trustees. Hon. Chas. B. Pratt, president of the Worcester Society, presided, with Mr. Geo. H. Estabrook, secretary. The first part of the session was devoted to a general discussion of the prospects of the Fair and the revision of the premium list, which will amount to nearly $10,000. The premiums for horses will be considerably reduced, and a notable omission will be that wine and cider are stricken from the list.

It was voted, amid much enthusiasm, to invite President Hayes and his cabinet to attend the Fair, the local participants of the meeting guaranteeing to give him a more cordial welcome if possible than was extended at his visit last summer.

Hon. Chas. B. Pratt was elected chief marshal of the Fair, with the following assistants; Waldo T. Pierce of Bangor, Me.; Col. E. C. Shirley of Goffstown, N. H.; Col. Franklin of Fayetteville, Vt.; Joseph F. Brown of Providence, R. I.; Chas. T. Smith of Colchester, Conn.; Joseph A. Harwood of Littleton, Mass. The chief marshal was authorized to appoint six assistants of his own selection. The selection of the orator was left with Hon. Chas. B. Pratt and Col Needham. The following committees were selected:

Ploughs—Seward Dill, Phillips, Me.; Moses Humphrey of Concord, N. H.; David Goodell of Brattleboro, Vt.; J. A. Harwood of Littleton, Mass.; Wm. D. Hilton of Providence, R. I.; Joseph Holmes of Bonnalville, Conn.

Devons—Fred Atwood of Winterport, Me.; Ward Parker, of Reed's Ferry, N. H.; S. E. Wheat of Putney, Vt.; Thos. B. Buffum of Newport, R. I.; O. S. Hall of Watertown, Conn.; H. M. Sessions of Wilbraham, Mass.

Ayrshires—Wm. Birnie of Springfield, Mass.; J. P. Barstow of Norwich, Conn.; Henry E. Smith of Smithfield, R. I.; L. S. Drew of Burlington, Vt.; Freeman R. French of Bradford, N. H.; Lewis Barrows of Hampden, Me.

Herefords—Chas. P. Preston of Danvers, Mass; Daniel Farmer of Manchester, N. H.; James A. Shedd of Burlington, Vt.; Joseph R. Farrington of Orono, Me.; Chas. E. Hall of Smithfield, R. I.; E. H. Hyde, of Stafford, Conn.

Jerseys—Geo. E. Waring of Newport, R. I.; Benj. Sumner of Woodstock, Conn.; Chas. Shaw, of Dexter, Me.; Silas G. Holyoke of St. Albans, Vt.; Warren F. Daniels of Franklin, N. H.; E. T. Rowell of Lowell, Mass.

Swiss and Holstein—Peter W. Jones of Amherst, N. H.; Nathan G. Pierce of Westminster, Vt.; John Johnson of Framingham, Mass.; Benj. Buffum of Providence, R. I.; C. D. Williams of Pomfret, Conn.; R. O. Conant of Portland, Me.

Grade and Native—S. D. Conant, of Grafton, Vt.; S. P. Holbrook of Oxford, Me.; Wm. F. Holland of Cockeysville, Md.; Jonathan Cilley of Groton, Mass.; A. A. Williams of Johnston, R. I.; Albert Day of Brooklyn, Conn

Working Oxen and Steers, and Trained Steers—Geo. Campbell of Westminster, Vt.; Anson Warren of Westboro', Mass.; John G. Clark of Kingston, R. I.; Geo. Penniman of Woodstock, Conn., Greenleaf Clark of Atkins, N. H.; H. C. Burleigh of Fairfield, Me.

Stallions for General Use and Four Years Old—Robert Wood of Lowell, Mass.; S. H. Tewksbury of Portland, Me.; John B. Clark of Manchester, N. H.; E. S. Stone of Cornwall, Vt.; John D. Cranston of Kingston, R. I.; J. P. Barstow of Norwich, Conn.

Stallions One, Two and Three Years—W. P. Boyd of Mansfield, Mass.; Geo. W. Lamester of Bangor, Me.; Natt Head of Hooksett, N. H.; H. B. Kent of Dorset, Vt.; Wm. Whitcomb of East Providence, R. I.; Julius Converse, of Stafford, Conn.

Mares with Foal at Side, Geldings and Mares—Dr. T. W. Perry of Providence, R. I.; Waldo T. Pierce of Bangor, Me.; Henry G. Root of Bennington, Vt.; A. W. Sullaway of Franklin, N. H.; John Dimond of Putnam, Conn.; M. J. Ahern of Lynn, Mass.

Geldings and Fillies—One, two and three years old, V. C. Gilman of Nashua, N. H.; Henry Chase of Linden, Vt; Samuel C. Oliver, of Salem, Mass; Edwin L Parker of Providence, R. I.; D. W. Tompkins of Norwich, Conn.; Warren Percival of Vassalboro, Me; V. C. Gilman of Nashua, N. H.

Matched Horses—W. P. Cook of Fryxboro, Mass; Alfred Hayden of Bethel, Me.; S. C. Fisher of Dover, N. H; J. C. Parker of Queechy, Vt; Harvey E. Wellman of Providence, R. I.; James L. Green of Norwich, Conn.

Draft Horses—Warren Percival of Vassalboro, Me; H. R. Stoddard of Portsmouth, N. H.; Prosper Alerrill of Woodstock, Conn; Daniel Weatherbee of Acton, Mass; W. W. Darling of Pawtucket, R. I; John O. Fox of Putnam, Conn.

Sheep—Long and middle wool, John B. Sanborn of Concord, N. H.; W. P. Atherton of Stafford, Me.; Geo. Campbell of Westminster, Vt; I. I. Damon of Wayland, Mass; Samuel W. Church of Bristol, R. I; John Brewster of Ledyard, Conn.

Sheep—Merino, Albert Chapman of Middleboro, Vt; Waterman Smith of Manchester, N. H.; Thomas Field of Northfield, Mass.; Albert Woodward of Brunswick, Me; W. Hart of Cornwall, Conn; Wm Sisson of Portsmouth, N. H.

Swine—Wm. Vaughn of Smithfield, R. I; Theodore Carr of Norfolk, Mass; L. A. Dow of Waterville, Me; John B. Minard of Westminster, Vt; Ruel Durkey of Croydon, N. H; E. C. May of Woodstock, Conn.

Agricultural Implements—A. P. Chadsey of Wickford, R. I.; P. W. Augur of Middletown, Conn.; Avery P. Slade of Somerset, Mass.; Henry C. Merrill of Manchester, N. H.; C. Horace Hubbard of Springfield, Vt.; Harrison Hyford of Belfast, Me.

Dairy—Butter, Cheese and Honey—Oliver W. Meade of Acton, Mass.; W. P. Bradley of New Haven, Conn.; Henry Parsons of Providence, R. I.; G. S. Silsby of Winterport, Me.; H. K. Stayton of Manchester, N. H.; Daniel R. Porter of St. Albans, Vt.

Agricultural Implements—Warren Brown of Hampton Falls, N. H.; Samuel Evarts of Cornwall, Vt.; T. B. Sawyer of Dexter, Me.; A. H. Caryl of Westford, Mass.; A. S. Arnold of Woonsocket, R. I.; R. D. Handley of Hartford, Conn.

Dairy Utensils, Wooden Ware, &c—Geo. W. Williams of Providence, R. I.; N. A. Powers of Orford, Me.; Charles Williams of Manchester, N. H.; N. B. Southwick of White River Junction, Vt.; W. W. Winchester of New Haven, Conn.; Stephen Shepley of Fitchburg, Mass.

Corporation Manufactures—David Gillis of Manchester, N. H.; A. G. Dewey of Hartford, Vt.; John M. Brown of Portland, Me.; Henry Lippett of Providence, R. I.; N. A. Powers of Orford, Me.; Charles Williams of Manchester, N. H.; N. B. Southwick of White River Junction, Vt.; W. W. Winchester of New Haven, Conn.; Stephen Shepley of Fitchburg, Mass.

Leather and India Rubber—Rufus Prince of Taner, Me.; S. S. Chick of Great Falls, N. H.; Henry Frost of Bellows Falls, Vt.; Edwin Hopkins of Providence, R. I.; Chas. Corp of Stafford, Conn.; Chas. E. Smith of Attleboro', Mass.

Carriages—Albert Tolman of Worcester, Mass.; Thomas W. Rounds of Providence, R. I.; Samuel Colt of Farmington, Conn.; Charles J. Gilman of Brunswick, Me.; J. H Randlet of Dover, N. H.; John Ray of Brattleboro, Vt.

Home Made Bread and Canned Fruits—Mrs. Col. Geo. W. Riddle of Manchester, N. H.; Mrs. George Campbell of Westminster, Vt.; Walter P. Pierce of Bangor, Me.; Mrs. O. B. Hadwen of Worcester, Mass.; Mrs. W. E. Barrett of Providence, R. I; Mrs. R. B. Bradley of New Haven, Conn.

Miscellaneous Articles—Samuel B. Noyes of Canton, Mass.; James Walker of Fryeburg, Me.; Aaron Young of Portsmouth, N. H.; Lawrence Brainard of St. Albans, Vt.; Clifton A. Hall of Providence, R. I.; T. S. Gold of Cornwall, Conn.

The prospects of a large and successful Fair have never been so flattering at this season of the year as at the present time. Secretary Needham is in daily receipt of a large number of letters making inquiries as to the details, and confidently predicts that the Fair will excel anything of the kind ever held in this country.

BOSTON STOCK MARKET.

May 22, 1878, at 3 P. M.

As Corrected by Brewster, Basset & Co., No. 35 Congress Street.

	Bid.	Asked.
Water Power	11	14
Boston Land	—	—
Atch. & Topeka 1st, 7's	99½	100
Do. Land grant 7's	98½	99
Do. Sil 7's	71	72
Do Land 8's	—	106
Eastern R. R. 4½'s	93	93½
Hartford & Erie 7's	11	100
Union Pacific 6's	105½	
" Land grant	104½	
" S. Fund 8's	98	98½
Atchison & Topeka R. R.	76	76½
Boston & Albany R. R.	122	122½
Boston & Maine R. R.	103½	103½
Burlington & Min. in Nebr.	96½	97
Chi. Bur. & Quincy R. R.	103½	103½
Cin. San. & Cleveland	3	3½
Eastern R. R.	83	84
Michigan Central R. R.	45	—
Old Colony R. R.	101	101½
Ogdensburgh & L. Champ.	62½	63
Ogdensburgh & L. Champ.	38	39
Calumet & Hecla	179½	180
Quincy	14	—

GOVERNMENT BONDS.

	Bid.	Asked.
Gold	—	109½
1881's	108½	109
5-20's 1865, July	104½	104½
5-20's 1867, July	107½	107½
5-20's 1868, July	109	109½
Ten-Forties	107½	107½
New Five's	105½	105½
Currency, 6's	120½	121
4½'s Coupon	104½	104½
4's Reg.	103½	103½
4's Coupon	101	101½
4's Reg.	101	101½

INVESTMENTS.

United States Bonds, various issues,
Coupon and Registered. **City and Town Bonds,**
issued for strictly Municipal purposes. For sale by

BREWSTER, BASSET & CO.,
Bankers, 35 Congress Street.

BUILDING MATERIALS.

The market continues to be well stocked with Eastern lumber, and prices favor the buyer. Cement is dull. Bricks have been in rather limited receipt.

Cement, Portland, $3 30; do. Rondout, $1 00@1 10; Brick, eastern, hard, $6 25@6 75; do. Boston face, $14 00@16 00; Calcined Plaster, $1 75; Lime, 80@85c; Hair No. 1, 30c; do. No. 2, 10c.

THE MAGAZINES.

☞ *Scribner* for June has for illustrated articles a sketch of George Cruikshank, with illustrations from engravings of his drawings; a humorous description of A Coon Hunt; and the second of Dr. Brewer's papers on bird architecture, The Weaver Birds. Of the essays and descriptive papers there are—The Engraver, his Function and Status; A White Day and a Red Fox; A New American Industry; and Lying as a Fine Art, and the Claims of Rev. Samuel Peters as an Artist. Among the short stories are—The Eleventh Hour; The Story of Seaken; Misery's Pear Tree; Roxy; and His Inheritance. The editorial departments, as usual, are well filled, and the pages are sprinkled with the verses of favorite writers. For sale by A. Williams & Co.

☞ The *Atlantic Monthly* for June contains Doudan; Imaginary Dialogue on Decorative Art;

THE WAR IN THE EAST.

EXCITEMENT AND ALARM AT CONSTANTINOPLE.

Although Gen. Todleben's demand for the evacuation of Shumla, Varna and Batoum, the removal of the Turkish camp at Maslak, and the removal of the Turkish camp at Maslak, and removal of the Turkish camp at Maslak, and the permission to occupy Buyukdere, do not take the form of an ultimatum, they bring a very strong pressure on the Porte and great excitement and alarm prevail in Constantinople, but the idea of an attack on the city or a forcible occupation of the fortresses of the Bosphorus is discredited by the fact that Prince Labanoff, Russian ambassador, will have an interview with the Sultan to present his credentials, and has an appointment to meet Mr. Layard, the British ambassador, on Tuesday. Other rumors, such as that the Russians demanded that the Porte enforce the withdrawal of the British fleet, and permit the Russians to occupy both sides of the Bosphorus, are clearly the result of panic.

A Vienna correspondent telegraphs as follows; "A conciliatory disposition in St. Petersburg was maintained to the end of Count Schouvaloff's visit, despite the efforts to the contrary, and the visit, despite the efforts to the contrary, and the struggle, political and personal, which has been struggle, political and personal, which has been going on for the last week in St. Petersburg was decided in favor of Count Schouvaloff. He is said not to have waited for attack, but at the first interview with the Emperor he assailed the intrigues of Ignatieff and his framers boldly and frankly. The impression produced on the Czar's mind is reported to have been so deep that no effort of his adversaries could weaken it. The effects of the count's communication about the Congress of Berlin session which, in his opinion, would be made if a war with England was to be must be made if a war with England was to be made, was startling indeed, and found expression in those first reports of the English temper as seemed exorbitant, and at the demands then made, but now little precise as not to offer a sufficient basis for negotiations. This phase, however, passed away, and now there can scarcely be a doubt that Count Schouvaloff goes back to London empowered to make concessions in accordance with the British point of view; nay, more, as is believed in St. Petersburg, to offer great concessions. It will, however, be impossible to judge whether Schouvaloff's success is apparent or real until he arrives in London.

PEACEFUL NOTES FROM ST. PETERSBURG.

The *Times's* St. Petersburg correspondent says that while there is reason to believe that the conclusion of an arrangement have been laid before the cabinets of London and St. Petersburg, a small group of personages, who know what has occurred, maintain extreme reserve, and it is extremely difficult to say how far the various rumors are to be relied on.

Prince Lobanoff, the Russian ambassador at London, gave a reception to the resident Russians. In the course of a brief address he remarked that hopes of peace, but recommended all not to be too sanguine, as the situation was one of great tension.

In the House of Commons Lord Hartington moved his resolution, that "no force be raised or money be voted in time of peace, save within the limits fixed by the sanction of Parliament." He said he had made the issue very narrow because the question in itself was sufficiently important for the attention of Parliament; because of its delicate negotiations which discussion might prejudice, and because Sir. Stafford Northcote himself had said at the general debate at present was not in the interest of the country.

IMPORTANT.

THE GREATEST BLESSING.—A simple, pure, harmless remedy, that cures every time, and every disease by keeping the blood pure, stomach regular, kidneys and liver active, is the greatest blessing ever conferred upon man. Hop Bitters is that remedy, and its proprietors are daily receiving the thanks of thousands who have been saved and cured by it. Will you try it? See other column.

New Advertisements.

KILL THE Potato Bugs! AND SAVE THE POTATOES.

SURE DEATH to the Colorado Potato Bug is the use of Paris Green. Prof. Cook and hundreds of others have failed.

ENDORSED BY A. S. FULLER, AGRICULTURAL EDITOR OF THE SUN.

PURE PARIS GREEN,

Made by F. W. Devoe & Co., can be relied on for the Potato Bug and Cotton Worm. Beware of the cheap imitations of Paris Green distributed free on commission.

F. W. DEVOE & CO.'S MIXED PAINTS.

Are recommended by consumers of PURE PAINT as GOOD AS THE BEST manufactured by F. W. DEVOE & CO.

PAINTS READY FOR USE

—FOR—

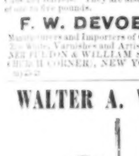
FARMERS AND MANUFACTURERS.

Are unsurpassed for shade, and durability. Any one with brush can use them. No need to employ painters to mix it for you. No need of a painter's knowledge to put it on. Send for sample cards showing 40 shades. They have very superior covering capacity, and do not crack, blister, rub off, change color, bronze or alkali. These paints are in Liquid Form, and are sold in barrels or cans. They are also put up in small cans for family use.

F. W. DEVOE & CO.,

Manufacturers and Importers of Colors, White Leads, Varnishes and Artists' Materials, 101 FULTON ST., & 26 & 28 WILLIAM STS., (P. O. BOX 3787) NEW YORK. OFFICE IN CORNER, NEW YORK CITY.

WALTER A. WOOD'S



NEW Enclosed Gear Mower.

VERY quiet and strong. Warranted the lightest running Mower made. Be sure and see it before buying a Mower.

WHITTEMORE'S CHAMPION HORSE RAKE,

With Patent Teeth, that does not scratch up all the dirt, as is the folly of the name. Also, the DRAG RAKE on the market.

HAYING TOOLS OF ALL KINDS, AT LOWEST MARKET PRICES.

WHITTEMORE BROS.,

128 and 130 South Market Street, Boston.

For Sale.

Jersey Bull "VICTOR," Herd Book No. 1126, Fawn white, black points. Price $75. E. M. CARY, East Milton, Mass.

Jersey Bulls for Sale.

The pure-blooded Bull "GENERAL," Herd Book No. 1226, dark brown and white, calved December 5th, 1876. Also, pure-blooded Bull "MAJOR," Herd Book No. 1686; brown and white, calved on first day of August, 1877. Address GEO. LEWIS COOKE, Warren, R. I.

NEW MUSIC BOOKS!

JOHNSON'S New Method for Thorough Base.

By A. N. JOHNSON, ($1.00).

A remarkably clear, easy and thorough method of learning the Base Chromatic Major and Minor Scales, all Major containing chords, or that has *Four or more Parts*. All who play for other people to sing need to study *Chords*, and these instructions, which are simplicity itself, and these exercises, will enable one to do it, even without a teacher, thus increasing greatly the fullness of the Organ or Piano playing. Order by full title, *Johnson's New Method for Thorough Base.*

Winner's Select Duets for Cornet and Piano, (Eb or Bb.) Like Winner's other books, it is very melodic. Music is well adapted to the instruments, and very pretty.

SUNDAY SCHOOL SONG BOOKS!

Good News! EACH Book Shining River! Good News! HAS BOSTS Shining River! Good News! OF FRIENDS. Shining River!

No better books are published than the above two, which are fresh, bright and new, having been out just long enough to assure their popularity. *Try one!* Or, for examination, Reduction for quantities.

Any book mailed, post free, for retail price.

OLIVER DITSON & CO., Boston.

C. H. Ditson & Co., J. E. Ditson & Co.

711 Broadway, New York, Successors to Lee & Walker, Phila.

AGENTS, READ THIS.

WE will pay Agents a salary of $100.00 per month and expenses, to sell our new and wonderful inventions. Address SHERMAN & CO., Marshall, Michigan. my26-6t

Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

Middlesex, ss. Probate Court,

To the Heirs-at-Law, next of Kin, and all other Persons interested in the Estate of EMERY SMITH, late of Concord, in said County, deceased,

Greeting:

WHEREAS, a certain instrument purporting to be the last Will and Testament of said deceased, has been presented to said Court, for Probate, by CHARLES THOMPSON, of Concord, who prays that letters testamentary may be issued to him, the Executor therein named.

You are hereby cited to appear at a Probate Court to be held at Cambridge, in said County of Middlesex, on the second Tuesday of June next, at nine o'clock before noon, to show cause, if any you have, against the same.

And said petitioner is hereby directed to give public notice thereof, by publishing this citation once a week, for three successive weeks, in the newspaper called the Massachusetts Ploughman, printed at Boston, the last publication to be two days, at least, before said Court.

Witness, GEORGE M. BROOKS, Esquire, Judge of said Court, this twenty-first day of May, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and seventy-eight. J. H. TYLER, Register.

my25-3t*

New Advertisements.

Golden Millet.

WE offer for sale, seed of this valuable variety of Millet which is fast coming into favor as an annual

HAY AND FODDER CROP.

—ALSO—

Hungarian and Common Millet.

HOVEY & CO.,

16 South Market St., Boston.

my26-tf

Seeds! Seeds!

2000 bushels Hungarian,
500 bushels Millet,
50 bushels German Millet,

Purple Top Strap Leaf Turnip, Ruta Baga Turnip, Carter's Imperial Swede Turnip, Sweet German Turnip, Turnip Blood Beet, Long Red Mangel Wurtzel Beet, Norbitan Giant Beet, Carter's Mammoth Beet, all fresh Seeds, at the lowest prices, at

PARKER & GANNETT'S

Agricultural Warehouse and Seed Store,

49 North Market Street, and 46 Merchants' Row, Boston.

my25-2t

Sweet Potato Plants.

YELLOW NANSEMOND,

BEST VARIETY, SELECTED SEED, and plants grown and treated especially for planting at the North.

75c. per 100; $3. per 500; $5. per 1000.

One hundred plants sent by mail for $1.00, with directions for cultivation.

HOVEY & CO.,

my25-tf 16 South Market St., Boston.

CORN

May be Planted with the Stockbridge as late as June 1 and it will come forward very rapidly.

THIS CROP IS THE SUREST RAISED IN New England, and should be more largely grown. Dr. Nichols, the well-known agriculturist, after careful experiments, estimates one *bushel* of Northern corn, ground with the cob, equal to a bushel of shelled corn from the West; while many farmers consider a ton of well cured corn fodder equal to a ton of English hay for making milk. This being the case, every farmer should raise all the corn he is likely to use. It is time it can be bought from the West at low rates, but this is owing to low freights, which railroad men tell us are ruinous and must be advanced; while the Western farmers tell us they cannot raise corn at present prices, for they are only getting about 15c. per bushel, so it would seem it must go higher rather than lower. But if the New England farmer raises his own, he is independent of fluctuations from whatever cause. He can be raised here cheaply. Many farmers are cultivating from 20 to 30 acres, doing it entirely by horse labor. Don't fail, then, to plant more corn. If you have not stable manure, use the Stockbridge. Remember it is quickly applied, only four bags for an acre, and nearly every one speaks of how it backs up a crop at the end of the season. It also leaves the land in good condition, as shown by succeeding crops, which are larger where the Stockbridge has been used.

STOCKBRIDGE MANURE,

—FOR—

HUNGARIAN OR MILLET.

For 1 Acre, 2 Bags.....$14.00

This is to produce from 2 to 3 tons per acre, according to soil and season. Weight of manure, 450 pounds. From 3 to 4 tons of Hungarian have been raised to the acre, and is considered equal to the best English hay. Farmers who have light, dry soil, not adapted to hay but on which Hungarian thrives best, should plant this crop. It may be sown from the middle of June to the middle of August, and grows in six weeks.

If your hay crop is short or you have a field where the grass is light, you can cut it the middle or last of June and then plow the land and sow to Hungarian, which will come off in time to seed down in the fall or sow to Winter Rye. It is a grand thing to eke out a short crop and is not half appreciated by our N. E. farmers. About one bushel seed is sown to the acre and harrowed lightly into the soil. It should be cut when coming into blossom.

W. H. BOWKER & CO.,

43 Chatham St., Boston,

3 Park Place, NEW YORK.

my25-tf

FLOUR

AT WHOLESALE AND RETAIL,

Of all grades, in Barrels, Half Barrels and Bags.

WHITE WINTER FLOUR, SPRING FLOUR, GRAHAM FLOUR, CRUSHED WHEAT, CRACKED WHEAT, HOMINY, ATTRITION HOMINY, OAT MEAL, BUCKWHEAT, RYE MEAL, WHEAT MEAL, YELLOW CORN MEAL, OAT MEAL, BUCKWHEAT, WHITE CORN MEAL, WHEAT GROATS, FARINA, &c. ARLINGTON WHEAT MEAL, in 10 pound bags.

HEN FEED.

WHEAT SCREENINGS, WHEAT, BARLEY, BUCKWHEAT, CORN, CRACKED CORN, &c.

MISCELLANEOUS ARTICLES.

HECKER'S SELF-RAISING FLOUR.

Bowker's Animal Meal for Fowls and Swine.

BOWKER'S LAWN DRESSING, For Lawns and Flower Gardens.

Thorley's Horse and Cattle Food.

GUY'S EGYPTIAN EGG-PRODUCER.

BEST SICILY CANARY SEED.

C. G. BROCKWAY & CO.,

WHOLESALE FLOUR DEALERS,

220 to 226 Friend St., Boston.

my25-3t

For Sale.

AYRSHIRE BULL, dark red and white. Three months old. Recorded in Am. A. Herd Book. Price $50.

Also, eight superior AYRSHIRE COWS. Not registered.

GEO. S. BOUTWELL.

Groton, May 6, 1878. my11-tf

FOR SALE.

A LARGE NUMBER OF NEW AND SECOND HAND

CARRIAGES, WAGONS, &C.,

suitable for Storekeepers, Expressmen, Farmers, &c. I will sell a good strong well-built CARRYALL from $45 to $65, and take my pay in good English Hay delivered at Factory, Cambridgeport, 240 Main St.

my11-3t* W. A. WARD.

YORKSHIRE PIGS,

FARROWED in March, 1878, Middle Breed, from imported strains. Price $8, boxed.

ESSEX PIGS,

Same age, from Harris's Stock. Price $8, boxed.

JAMES LAWRENCE.

my18-4t Lawrence Farm, Groton, Mass.

Thoroughbred Stock.

IMPROVED YORKSHIRE PIGS.

Well-bred from very choice Premium Stock. These Pigs cannot be equalled in all qualities. Prices—Boars, $8; Sows, $6 each; Boar and two Sows, not akin, $20, boxed with food. Delivered to any Express.

High Class Pure Bred Poultry.

Eggs from Premium Stock. Per 13.

Light Brahmas, Plymouth Rocks.....$2.00
White and Brown Leghorns.....2.00
Pekin and Cayuga Ducks.....3.00
Rose Comb, Schrights and Game Bantams.....4.00
Mammoth Bronze, White Turkeys.....6.00
Choice Pets, &c. Descriptive circular *free.*

ABEL F. STEVENS,

mh9-13t Woodside Farm, Natick, Mass.

THOUSANDS OF CHICKENS.

IF YOU WANT TO MAKE MONEY By raising any number of Chickens, at any season of the year, without setting hens, and at small cost, address for circular,

EDWARD A. SAMUELS, Waltham, Mass.

ap13-t

Eggs for Hatching.

FROM *THE POULTRY YARDS OF GEO. S. WHEELER, New Ipswich, N. H.*, at the following prices for a setting of 13: Bronze Turkeys, $6.00; Pekin Ducks, $2.50; Plymouth Rocks and Black Leghorns, $2.00; Light Brahmas, White and Brown Leghorns, $1.50. Have shown the above kinds at several leading exhibitions this and the past season, and won 1st and 2d premiums on them. All Eggs warranted new laid, and to reach the purchaser in good condition. Address all orders to

GEO. S. WHEELER, New Ipswich, N. H.

mh16-14t

THE

GLOBE NAIL.

The Best Horse Shoe Nail ever made.

About ten years ago the GLOBE NAIL COMPANY of Boston, put on the market the first pointed, polished and finished Horse Shoe Nails ready for driving. Previous to that time all Horse Shoe Nails were pointed, and most of them made, by the shoers in their own shops.

1776.

6 lbs. of Finished Nails per day.

The **Globe Nail** was at once found to be much cheaper and better than any then in use. It soon became so popular that all manufacturers of Horse Shoe Nails were compelled to make their Nails to resemble the Globe. For the last ten years it has been the model. Each year the Nail has been greatly improved in quality, and to such a point have we educated the shoers that now they will hardly use a nail unless it is absolutely perfect.

At the Centennial Exposition in Philadelphia, we were awarded the Medal and the following report, far stronger than that given upon any other Nail:

INTERNATIONAL EXHIBITION, 1876. U. S. CENTENNIAL COMMISSION.

[BUREAU OF AWARDS.] PHILADELPHIA, June 22, 1876.

No. 239, Globe Nail Co., Boston, Mass.:

Horse Shoe Nails, Pointed, Polished and Finished. The uniformity in size, smoothness of finish, hardness and tenacity of the iron, closeness of fibre, and excellence of the head and point, the tensile strength of body, and riveting properties of these Nails, unite in making them of the very highest class of manufacture.

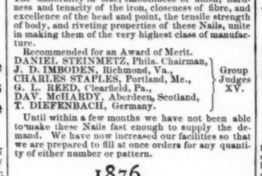
Recommended for an Award of Merit.

DANIEL STEINMETZ, Phila. Chairman,
J. D. IMBODEN, Portsmouth, Va.
CHARLES STAPLES, Portland, Me.,
G. L. REED, Clearfield, Pa.,
DAV. McHARDY, Aberdeen, Scotland,
T. DIEFENBACH, Germany.

} Group Judges XV.

Until within a few months we have not been able to make these Nails fast enough to supply the demand. We have now increased our facilities so that we are prepared to fill at once orders for any quantity of either number or pattern.

1876.



600 lbs. Finished Nails per day.

We annex a sample of the testimonials we receive daily from all parts of the country:

ST. LOUIS, Mo., June 8, 1877.

GLOBE NAIL CO., BOSTON, MASS.,

Gentlemen: Find enclosed advertisement and postal card concerning your Nail. Referring to a scurrilous advertisement and postal card, disparaging the Globe Nail, circulated by a rival manufacturer over the bombug signature of "Horman Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals." No Society bearing that title ever existed.) As I take a great interest in the prevention of cruelty to animals,—horses in particular,—I desire to say a few words in favor of **The Globe Nail.** Though I am not a very extensive Horse Shoer, yet I have used enough Nails of the different makes to speak knowingly. I have used the Globe Nail in my shop and on the race track for six years, on all classes of horses, from the heavy draft horse to the tender footed running horse, and I can safely say **IT HAS NO SUPERIOR IN POINT OF TOUGHNESS, SHAPE AND FINISH, IF IT HAS AN EQUAL.** I have used about fifteen hundred pounds of Globe Nails a year for the last six years, and in that time I have found four imperfect Nails, two of which I returned to you about two years ago and received in return four perfect ones, for which accept my thanks. I think I had no better sense than to drive those imperfect Nails in a horse's foot I would not consider it the fault of the Nail if the horse was lamed. If horses would take pride to the competency of their men and less to trying to get shoeing nails a few cents less will foal. Mares not provided have fewer lame horses. **I KNOW FOR SAFETY AND DURABILITY, WITH A MAN WHO KNOWS HOW, THE BUSINESS TO DRIVE THEM YOUR NAILS CAN'T BE BEAT.** I am willing to pay without any suit, for all horses that are lamed in my shop by using the Globe Nail. As long as it is made as at present I shall continue to use it, and I could get other Nails for nothing. I consider it the safest Nail that was ever driven in a horse's foot

Yours Very Respectfully,
(Signed,) F. H. O'NEILL,
Horse Shoer, No. 1007 Broadway.

P. S. I think I could get every boss in St. Louis to sign this if I thought it necessary. P. H. O'N.

The best Horse is sure to win. SO CLEAR THE TRACK FOR THE

GLOBE NAIL CO.

Boston, June 23, 1877.

Farms for Sale.

SAMUEL STAPLES & CO., Auctioneers.

Executor's Sale of Real Estate,

IN CONCORD, MASS.

Will be sold at Public Auction, on the premises, on **Monday, the 27th day of May, instant,** at 31 o'clock, P. M., the Homestead Farm owned and occupied at the time of his decease by Cyrus Stone, and situated in the centre of said Concord. Said Farm will be sold in two parcels, viz:

1st. The Homestead Dwelling House and other buildings used in connection therewith, and about fifteen acres of land, about fourteen acres of which lies between Walden and Thoreau streets, and about one acre in front of the dwelling house aforesaid and upon the opposite side of Walden street, and upon which is a large two-story structure thoroughly built, and in excellent condition, containing twelve rooms besides the attic, and supplied with running water. The other buildings are a wood and tool house, and a good sized barn. This is a very desirable estate for a gentleman's country residence, being centrally located in one of the pleasantest villages in the region, very near churches, excellent schools, a large public library, two railroad stations, stores, post office, &c., and surrounded by many delightful drives.

2d. About ten acres of improved land suitable for building lots, upon the southerly side of a lane leading through the farm, and also extending from Walden street to Thoreau street.

3d. About fifteen acres of pasture land lying upon the westerly side of Thoreau street and adjoining land of Nathan B. Stow.

4th. About fifteen and one-half acres of pasture and woodland adjoining the last mentioned, and land of Terence Byrnes, also fronting upon Thoreau street.

Also, the "Reynolds Place," so called, consisting of about one-third of an acre of land, situated upon Walden street, and a two-story dwelling-house, with a one-story wing, containing nine rooms besides attic. This place is situated between lots 1 and 2 of the homestead, is supplied with running water, and affords an excellent opportunity for the desiring a residence in a superior locality at a moderate cost. It will be sold immediately after the sale of lot 1 of the homestead.

Terms ten per centum of purchase money at time of sale, and remainder upon delivery of the deeds within ten days thereafter. Purchasers desiring it can probably arrange with the legatees under the will, to have one-half of the purchase money lie upon mortgage. For further particulars inquire of the auctioneers, or of the subscriber, near the premises.

CHAS. THOMPSON, Executor.

my11-3t

Valuable Real Estate for Sale, IN IPSWICH.

The well-known Farm of Oliver Underhill, deceased. Said Farm is delightfully situated 1½ miles from the centre of the town, depot, churches, etc., and contains 44 acres of mowing, tillage and woodland. The buildings are a two story Dwelling House of 12 rooms, with a closet in each, and an L of 3 rooms. The House is papered, painted and blinded, and the L painted and blinded, and all in good condition; a good cellar with cement floor, a cistern and two never failing wells of excellent water; also, a good Barn, about 40x100 feet, and shed adjoining; also, tool house, hen house, repair shop, poultry house, and all other buildings necessary for carrying on extensive farming.

On the Farm are 100 apple, 100 peach, 300 pear trees, quince, cherry, etc. The trees are all in bearing condition and yield a large income, particularly the pear trees. This Farm is under a high state of cultivation and known to be one of the best and most pleasantly located on the main road between Ipswich and Boston. Possession given at once.

For further particulars, inquire of J. C. UNDERHILL, Administrator, at Ipswich Depot.

ap27-tf

Farms and Residences for Sale, IN CONCORD, MASS.

Persons in pursuit of a farm or residence will do well to call and examine the one which is possessed of good railroad accommodations, one of the best free Public Libraries in the State, excellent schools, good roads, low rate of taxes, and an abundant supply of pure Water. Farms pleasantly located, and in good state of cultivation. Letters answered promptly.

L. FLINT & CO., Auctioneers,
Monument St., Concord, Mass.

Applicants waited upon free. Prices from $2,000 to $7,500; terms to suit the times. mh16-13t*

Farms! Farms!

I have the largest and best variety of Farms for sale now offered in this market. Can give you a home in any part of New England at a bargain. For full and reliable description of property given by sending stamp for AYRAULT'S REAL ESTATE JOURNAL. All letters promptly answered. JAMES GRAY,

No. 1 Pemberton Square, (Room 4,) Boston.

nov16-tf

Choice Fowls and Eggs.

PARTRIDGE COCHINS, DARK BRAHMAS, PLYMOUTH ROCK, and 27 other varieties of Fowls and Eggs, for sale by E. E. PERKINS 228 Essex St., Salem, Mass.

Enclose and send stamp for Circular. aug6-tf

Farm Implements.

CENTENNIAL SWIVEL PLOWS,

TRIUMPHANT EVERYWHERE!

Accepted by the New England and Maine State Agricultural Societies. Superior to any for Level Land and Hill-side.

AMES PLOW COMPANY,

Sole Makers.

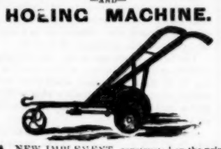
Awarded **all the First Prizes,** Four out of Five Second Prizes, in all **Eleven Prizes out of Fifteen** offered at the Great Field Trial held at Presumpscot Park, Portland, Me., Thursday, Sept. 6, 1877, in competition with the Leading Plows of the Eastern States.

The design of the plowing, as announced by the Societies, was "to show the merits of competing plows." The result settles the question as to which is best. The "Centennial" are now offered to the farmers of New England, warranted sound and perfect, guaranteed satisfactory in operation, and to work as represented.

QUINCY HALL, BOSTON, MASS.

☞ Liberal discount to dealers and agents. Send for circular. my25-1t

SMALL'S WHEEL CULTIVATING —AND— HOEING MACHINE.



A NEW IMPLEMENT, constructed on the principle of the celebrated LaDow Wheel Harrow. The best implement for fine tillage, or for cultivating and hilling yet produced. Call and see it, or send for circular.

MANUFACTURED ONLY BY

EVERETT & SMALL,

43 South Market St., Boston, Mass.

my18-2t

NEW EXCELSIOR LAWN MOWER.

Important Improvements FOR 1878.

Reduction in prices, less weight, lighter draft, and furnished with either wheels or rollers. It cuts high or grass; it cuts borders; it rolls the ground; it needs less repairs; the roller does not run in the standing grass. The new Back Wheel Lawn Mower is much lighter and is intended for embankments as well as for level lawns.

We have eight sizes for hand and four for horse, all warranted to do perfect work.

—ALSO DEALERS IN—

Philadelphia and Hill's Lawn Mowers; Garden and Field Rollers; Wheelbarrows, Shovels, Hoes, Spades and Forks; Grass Hooks, Edging Tools, Grass and Border Shears; Grindstones; Floral Tools; Garden Rakes; Lawn Sprinklers; Hand Force Pumps; Superphosphate of Lime; Animal Fertilizer; Ground Plaster; Lawn Fertilizers, &c.

AT LOWEST PRICES

—AT—

PARKER & GANNETT'S

Agricultural Warehouse and Seed Store,

49 No. Market St., 46 Merchants' Row, BOSTON.

ap27 ☞ Send for Circulars. ☜ cow4t

MATTHEWS' PATENT SWIVEL PLOW,

FOR LEVEL, LAND and HILL SIDE

HAS no superior; is adapted to either sod or stubble plowing, and is meeting with unequaled success. Manufactured only by

A. H. MATTHEWS,

COLDBROOK SPRINGS, MASS.

☞ Liberal discount to Dealers and Agents. mh2-13t

OLIVER'S CHILLED PLOW!

Great Success!

NEWPORT, R. I., 6 May, 1878.

The Oliver Plows that I have sold are very much liked by the parties using them. They run light.

GEO. B. WEAVER.

BOYS' HOME, WEST NEWTON, 2 May, 1878.

I want to thank you for advising me to try the Oliver Plows, as I think I should not have chosen them myself. But I can assure you they do the work the best, run the lightest and hold the easiest of any Plow I ever used. I had a No. 10 and a No. 40, and I find them everything they are represented to be.

C. H. ASHBURN, Supt.

"EPPING, N. H., 27 APRIL, 1878.

WHITTEMORE BROS:—I have tried your Oliver Chilled Plow, No. 40, and find it all that it was recommended—a perfect Plow. I would not take $50 for it, if I could not get another. M. J. HARVEY."

(Signed)

Agents wanted in every town.

WHITTEMORE BROS.

NEW ENGLAND AGENTS,

Nos. 128 & 130 So. Market St., Boston.

my11-3t

NEW AND IMPORTANT IMPROVEMENT IN Railway Horse Powers WITH OLDS' PATENT LINK.

One, Two and Three Horse.

WHAT OUR MACHINES WILL DO.

With one Two-Horse Power, and Thresher with Iron Cylinder, 350 to 400 Bushels of Oats, or 200 to 250 Bushels of Wheat can be Threshed and Cleaned in one day. Our DRAG SAW will cut 50 Cords 16-inch Rock Maple Wood, and our CIRCULAR SAWS 125 Cords of the same kind of Wood in a day.

Was awarded at the New England Agricultural Fair, Sept. 3 to 7, at Portland, Maine, FIRST PREMIUM and SILVER MEDAL, over three competitors.

MANUFACTURED BY

THE ST. ALBANS FOUNDRY CO.

sep15-1f ST. ALBANS, VERMONT.

CREAMERY BUTTER.

Over 1300 Dairies and Creameries are using

THE COOLEY SYSTEM

SPRING CREEK CREAMERY, JESSUP, Iowa, Sept. 22, 1877.

Vermont Farm Machine Company:

Gentlemen:—I am pleased to report to you that my butter made in May from cream raised in Cooley cans took the first premium at the Northwestern Exposition, at Dubuque, Sept. 10th to 14th—$10. Also at State Fair, at Cedar Rapids, Sept. 17th to 22d, on best three tubs of butter made in May, June and September, first premium—$50; and the sweepstakes, for best tub of butter—$10. I had to compete with Mrs. Liverpool, who keeps a Jersey herd, and has carried off the premium for several years, the "Twin Brothers" Creamery, and several other celebrated dairies. These premiums go far towards paying for my cans, and enable me to get the very highest prices for my butter, and prove to me that I made a wise move when I adopted the Cooley System.

Yours truly, A. F. BINGHAM.

Iowa State Agricultural Society, Secretary's Office, FAIRFIELD, Ia., November 20, 1877.

Mr. A. F. BINGHAM, Jessup, Iowa:

Dear Sir—The butter made by you at the Spring Creek Creamery received the two first premiums at our Fair. The amount awarded you is sixty dollars.

Yours truly, JOHN R. SHAFFER, Sec'y.

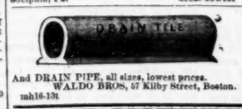
Send stamp for circulars to

VERMONT FARM MACHINE CO., Bellows Falls, Vt.

mh30-13t

BUTTER WORKER.

The most effective, simple and cheapest Worker ever invented. Works 30 lbs. in less than 5 minutes, *thoroughly working out buttermilk and salting the salt.* AGENTS WANTED. Send for circular. A. H. REID, 6 N. Eighteenth St., Philadelphia, Pa. dec20-cow13t



And DRAIN PIPE, all sizes, lowest prices.

WALDO BROS., 57 Kilby Street, Boston.

mh16-13t

FOWLE'S PILE AND HUMOR CURE

Warranted a perfect cure (or money returned) for *all the worst forms of* PILES, LEPROSY, SCROFULA, SALT RHEUM, RHEUMATISM, CATARRH, KIDNEY DISEASES, and *all diseases of the* SKIN & BLOOD. *Entirely Vegetable.* H. D. FOWLE & Co., Montreal and Boston. Sold everywhere. $1 a bottle. Send for Pamphlets of astonishing cures.

my4-eow10t

Plymouth Rock Eggs,

CORBIN'S, Drake and Mason's strain. LIGHT BRAHMAS, Williams' and John's strain AMERICAN DOMINIQUE, and SPANGLED BROWN and DOMINIQUE LEGHORNS, $1.50 for 13; 2 sittings, $4 00.

A. F. HARVEY, Gloucester, Mass.

mh18-cow7t ap4-13t

Fertilizers.

DARLING'S PURE BONE AND ANIMAL FERTILIZER.

Prof. Goessmann, in the Mass. Agricultural Report, gives the chemical value of Darling's Animal Fertilizer at $35.40 per ton. The retail price in Boston or Providence is $40.00.

THE ANIMAL FERTILIZER

is applicable to any crop, and is made from fine bone partly dissolved, Dried Blood, Meat and Potash. We have any number of favorable reports the past season, some of over 100 bushels shelled corn to the acre from 800 pounds Fertiliser.

DARLING'S Lawn Dresser HAS NO EQUAL.

OUR STEAMED GROUND BONE has always been the standard, and is sold at $40.00 per ton.

BONE MEAL for Feeding Cattle, CRACKED BONE, WHEAT, BLOOD and BEEF SCRAPS, for feeding Hens and Hogs.

Samples of any of the above sent free, by addressing the manufacturers.

Send to us for Prof. Goessmann's Report on Fertilizers.

L. B. DARLING & CO., PAWTUCKET, R. I.

Agents—PARKER & GANNETT, WHITTEMORE BROS, JOSEPH BRECK & SONS, HOVEY & CO., Boston, Mass. mh22-tf

UPTON'S SUPERPHOSPHATE,

3 to 4 per cent. Ammonia,
10 to 12 per cent. Sol. Phos. Acid,
3 to 5 per cent. Insol. " "

Made from fresh steamed bones, dissolved with Sulphuric Acid.

Price $35 per Ton.

Free on board of Cars in Boston.

TERMS CASH.

GEO. UPTON,

18 Broad Street, Boston.

ap4-13t

SOLUBLE Pacific Guano.

The superior excellence of this Guano has been so successfully demonstrated during the past eleven years in the Middle and Southern States, on cotton, corn, tobacco, sugar-cane, and garden vegetables,—the Company's sales having exceeded the enormous aggregate of 58,000 tons in a single season,—that it is now offered for sale in New England with entire confidence as to its merits. No fertilizer ever introduced in the South has undergone severer tests or come out of them with its character as a first-class, reliable fertilizer more thoroughly established. In consequence of the satisfactory results of these very complete tests this Guano has acquired a reputation equal to that formerly enjoyed by Peruvian Guano. It is rich in **Bone Phosphate of Lime,** finely ground (a large proportion of which is immediately soluble,) **Ammonia,** and **Potash,** besides other ingredients valuable as plant food, manufactured at the Company's works, Woods Hole, Mass., and Charleston, S. C., under the supervision of competent chemists.

Price, $45 per ton in bags, containing 200 pounds, free on board at Boston or Hartford.

PACIFIC GUANO CO., BOSTON.

And E. N. PHELPS, WINDSOR, CT.

mh9-17t

Seeds, &c.

SEEDS!

THE BEST OF EVERY VARIETY.

VEGETABLE,

For Market and Family Gardens.

FLOWER,

For Family Gardens and Florists' use.

FIELD SEEDS,

in great variety and the most approved for profitable culture for

FODDER CROPS,

via: Evergreen Sweet Corn, Indian Corn, Hungarian Millet, Common Millet, Golden Millet, and for

ROOT CROPS.

TURNIPS in all best sorts, English Flat, Carter's Imperial, London Extra, Shamrock, Skirving's and White Swedes.

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The Poet's Corner.

DECORATION DAY.

BY AMELIA DALEY ALDEN.

On this fair morn, when over all the land
Come softly gracious ones, with eyelids wet,
And on the soldier's grave with reverent hand,
Lay lily and violet,

Who brings to thee, where o'er thy fallen head
The unpitying seasons heedless come and go,
A wreath to deck thy lone and nameless bed,
Where Southern forests grow?

When ode and psalm and tuneful eloquence
Rehearse the deeds that kept the nations free,
And tears rain fast in love and reverence,
Who drops a tear for thee?

Perchance, where thou dost rest, the oriole's psalm
Floats light above thee, and the sweet-brier lays
Her perfumed cheek on thine. When nights are calm,
And all the stars ablaze,

Perchance the dew distills her patient tears
Upon thy breast; or, from the o'erhanging tree,
A dreaming bird, disturbed by midnight fears,
Shakes down soft drops on thee.

I may not know. Afar thou liest, and lone,
Nor love nor grief thy burial-place may see;
But the wide earth, my lost, yet still my own,
Holds but thy grave for me!

—*Atlantic Monthly for June.*

Ladies' Department.

MISERY'S PEAR TREE.

An Ancient Legend of Flanders.

[From Scribner's Monthly for June.]

Once upon a time, there lived in the village of Vicq, on the banks of the Scheldt, a good woman called Misery who went about begging from door to door. In those days the village of Vicq was little better than a hamlet. It lay on the edge of a marsh, and there were only a few miserable farms covered with rushes to be seen. Misery dwelt apart in a lonely hut plastered with clay, where her sole companion was her dog, Faro, and her worldly goods were a staff and a scrip, which too often she brought back almost empty. To tell the truth, however, she had besides in a little inclosure, behind her hovel, a tree—a single one. This tree was a pear tree so beautiful that its like was never seen since the famous apple tree of the garden of Eden. The only delight that Misery experienced in this world was to eat the fruit of her garden, that is of her pear tree.

Unhappily, the little boys of the village came to rob her inclosure. Every day Misery started forth with Faro to beg; but in the autumn Faro remained at home to guard the pears, and it was heart breaking to both, for the poor woman and the poor dog loved each other with a great affection.

Now there came a winter in which for two whole months it hailed fit to break the very stones. Then there fell such a snow that the wolves left the woods and came into people's houses. It was a terrible time for the whole country, and Misery and Faro suffered more than the rest. One evening when the wind howled and the snow piled up in great drifts, the two unfortunates were nestling close to keep each other warm before the dying embers on the hearth, when a knock was heard on the door. Always whenever any one came near the cabin, Faro barked with rage, thinking that it was the little marauders. This evening, on the contrary, he began to whimper gently and to wag his tail as a mark of joy.

"For the love of God," cried a pleading voice, "open your door to a poor man who is perishing of cold and hunger."

"Pull the latch-string," answered Misery. "It shall never be said that in such a time as this I would keep one of the dear Lord's creatures outside."

The stranger entered; he seemed even older and more miserable than Misery, and had no other covering than a blue frock all in tatters.

"Sit you down, my good man," said Misery. "You have come to a very poor place, but I have still something left to warm you up with."

She put her last stick on the fire and gave the old man three morsels of bread and a pear, which was all she had left. Very soon the flame leaped up and the old man ate with a hearty appetite. Now, while he ate, Faro licked his feet.

When her guest had finished, Misery wrapped her old coverlet of Arabian around him and forced him to lie down in her cot, while for herself, she settled herself to sleep with her head resting on her stool.

In the morning, Misery was the first to awake.

"I have nothing left," she said to herself, "and my guest will go hungry. Let us see if there is no way to go and beg something in the village."

She put her head out of the door; the snow had ceased to fall, and the sun shone as if it were a spring day. She turned back to get her staff and saw the stranger risen and ready to leave.

"What," said she, "are you going already?"

"My mission is fulfilled," replied the unknown, "and I have to go to give account to my master. I am not what I seem; I am Saint Wanon, the patron of the parish of Conde, and I have been sent by the Good Father, to see how my faithful ones practice charity, which is the first of the Christian virtues. I have knocked at the doors of the burgomaster and the burghers of Conde; I have knocked at the doors of the lord and the farmers of Vicq; the burgomaster and the burghers of Conde, the lord and the farmers of Vicq have let me freeze at their threshholds. Thou alone hast had pity upon me, and thou art as wretched as I. God will reward thee; make a wish and it shall come to pass."

Misery crossed herself and fell on her knees.

"Great Saint Wanon," said she, "I no longer marvel that Faro licked your feet, but it is not for reward that I do a charity. Besides, I have need of nothing."

"Thou art too destitute of everything to have no wants; speak, what wilt thou have?"

Misery kept silent.

"Wilt thou have a beautiful farm, with the granary full of wheat, the wood-house full of wood, the cupboard full of bread? Wilt thou have riches? Wilt thou have honors? Wilt thou be a duchess? Wilt thou be a queen?

Misery shook her head.

"A saint who has any self respect ought not to be under obligations to a poor woman," replied Saint Wanon, with an air of pique. "Speak, or I shall think thou refusest me from pride."

"Since you insist upon it, great Saint Wanon, I will obey. I have there in my garden a pear tree which gives me most beautiful pears; unfortunately, the young rogues in the village come to rob me of them, and I am forced to leave poor Faro at home to mount guard. Grant that whoever climbs my pear tree may not come down without my permission."

"Amen!" replied Saint Wanon, smiling at her simplicity, and after having given her his blessing, he set out upon his journey.

The blessing of Saint Wanon brought good luck to Misery, and from that time forth, she never returned home with an empty sack. Spring followed winter, summer, spring, and autumn, summer. The little boys, seeing Misery go off with Faro, climbed up the pear tree and stuffed their pockets; but, when they undertook to come down they found they were caught fast in a trap.

Misery, on her return, beheld them perched up in the tree, left them there a good while, and, when in the kindness of her heart she let them go, set Faro barking at their coats. They did not dare to come again; the villagers themselves avoided passing the enchanted tree, and Misery and Faro lived as happy as one can live here below.

Toward the end of the autumn, Misery was enjoying herself in her garden in the sun, when she heard a voice crying "Misery! Misery! Misery!" This voice was so mournful that the good woman began to tremble in every limb and Faro howled as though there had been a corpse in the house.

She turned round and saw a man, tall, lean, yellow and old, old as a patriarch. This man carried a scythe as long as a hop-pole.

Misery recognized Death.

"What do you want, man of God?" said she in an altered voice; "and what have you come for with that scythe?"

"I come to do my work. Come, my good Misery, thine hour hath struck; thou must follow me."

"Already!"

"Already! But thou should'st thank me, thou who art so poor, so old, and so crippled."

"Not so poor nor so old as you think for, master. I have bread in the cupboard and wood in the pile; I shall be only ninety-five come Candlemas, and as for being crippled, I am as straight as you on my legs, without offence be it said."

"Go to! Thou will be much better off in paradise."

"We know what we lose, what we gain by the change we know not," said Misery, philosophically. "Besides, it would grieve Faro so much."

"Faro shall follow thee. Come, make up thy mind."

Misery sighed. "Grant me at least a few moments, till I tidy up a bit, I should not like to make the people in the other world ashamed of me."

Death consented.

Misery put on her best gown of flowered Indian muslin which she had had for more than thirty years, her white bonnet and her old Silesian mantle, all worn, but without a hole or a spot, which she never wore except on the great saints' days.

While dressing herself she cast a last glance upon her cabin and called to mind her pear-tree. A strange thought came into her head, and she could hardly keep back a smile.

"While I am getting ready, will you kindly do me a service, man of God?" said she to Death. "If you will get up into my pear-tree and pluck me the three pears which are left, I can eat them on my journey."

"Be it so," said Death, and he got up into the pear-tree."

"Ho! Misery!" cried he; "help me to get down. I believe this cursed tree is bewitched."

Misery came to the doorway. Death was making superhuman efforts with his long arms and his long legs, but every time that he got himself free from the tree, the tree, as if it were a living creature, took hold of him again, and folded him in its long branches.

"My soul" said she, "I am not at all in a hurry to go to paradise. Thou art very well off. Stay where thou art, my good fellow. The human race will owe me a debt of gratitude."

And Misery shut her door and left Death perched up in her pear-tree.

At the end of a month, as Death no longer did his work, everybody was astonished to find that there had not been a single loss of life at Vicq, at Fresnes, and at Conde. The astonishment was redoubled at the end of the next month, especially when it was learned that it was the same at Valenciennes, at Douai, at Lille and throughout all Flanders.

A like thing had never been heard of, and when the new year came in, it was known by the almanac that the same thing had happened in France, in Belgium, in Holland, as well as with the Austrians, the Swedes and the Russians.

The year went by, and it was a settled fact that for fifteen months there had not been throughout the entire world a single case of death. All the sick had got well without the doctors knowing how or why, which had not at all prevented them from taking to themselves all the credit of the cures.

This year rolled round like the previous one, without any deaths, and when it came to St. Sylvester's day, from one end of the land to the other men embraced one another and congratulated themselves on having become immortal. There were public rejoicings, and they had a fete in Flanders, such as had not been seen since the world was.

The good Flemings no longer having any fear of dying from indigestion, or from gout, or apoplexy, ate and drank their fill. It was calculated that in three days each person ate a bushel of grain without counting meat and vegetables, and drank a barrel of beer, to say nothing of Geneva and brandy.

I confess for my part that I find it hard to believe this, but all the same the world never so happy and nobody suspected Misery of being the cause of this universal felicity; Misery did not boast of it, from modesty.

All went well for ten, twenty, thirty years; but, at the end of thirty years it was not a rare thing to see old men one hundred and ten and one hundred and twenty years, which ordinarily is the age of the most extreme decrepitude. No, these last, loaded down with infirmities, with memory gone, blind and deaf, deprived of taste, feeling and smell, insensible of the slightest enjoyment, began to find that immortality is not at all the great blessing which it had been at first thought to be. They were seen dragging themselves along in the sun, bent double over their staffs, with hoary locks, shaking heads, sightless eyes, coughing, tottering, their flesh gone, out of shape, withered up, like so many enormous snails. The women were even more horrible than the men.

The feeblest of the old men kept their beds and there was not a house where you did not find five or six beds where the ancestors babbled to the great weariness of their great-grandsons and the sons of their great-grandsons.

They were even obliged to get them together in immense hospitals where each new generation was occupied in taking care of the preceding ones who could not be cured for life. More than this, as there were no longer any wills made, nobody inherited anything and the new generations possessed nothing of their own, all the property belonging by law to the great-grandfathers and great-great-grandfathers, who could not enjoy it.

Under invalid kings, governments grew weak, laws relaxed, and soon the immortals, sure of not being punished after death, gave themselves up to every crime; they pillaged, robbed, burned, but alas, they could not kill.

In every kingdom the cry "Long live the king" became a seditious cry, and it was forbidden to utter it, on severest penalties, with the exception of the penalty of death. This was not all. As the animals did not die any more than the men, soon the earth was so overrun with inhabitants that it could not nourish them; then came a terrible famine, and men wandering half naked through the fields for want of a roof to cover their heads, suffered cruelly from hunger, without being able to die of it.

If Misery had only known of this frightful state of things she would not have been willing to prolong it, even at the price of life, but accustomed of old to privations and infirmities, she and Faro suffered less from them than others; and then they had become, as it were, deaf and blind, and Misery did not take much account of what was going on about her.

Then men set themselves to work, with as much ardor to seek their final end as they had hitherto done to avoid it. They had recourse to the most subtle poisons and the most deadly weapons; but weapons and poisons only injured their bodies without destroying them.

Formidable wars were decreed. With common accord, in order to render one another the service of mutual destruction, nations rushed to arms, each against the other; but they inflicted the most frightful calamities without succeeding in killing a single man. A Congress of Death was assembled; the doctors flocked to it from the four quarters of the globe; there came white, black, yellow, and copper-colored; and they all sought together for a remedy against this life, without being able to find it. A prize of ten millions was offered to whomsoever it might be that should discover it; all the doctors wrote pamphlets on life, as they used to do on cholera, and they did not cure this disease any more than the other.

It was a more dreadful calamity than the other, for it lasted longer, and there appeared no sign of its ever coming to an end.

Now, at this time, there was in Conde a most learned physician, who spoke almost altogether in Latin, and whom they called Dr. De Profundis. He was a most worthy man, who, in the good old times, had helped off many a poor body into the other world, and who now was disgusted at being unable to cure any one. One evening when he was coming from dining with the mayor of Vicq, he lost his way in the marsh. Chance brought him near Misery's garden, and he heard a plaintive voice, which said:

"Oh, who will set me free, and who will deliver the land from immortality, a hundred times worse than the pestilence?"

The learned doctor lifted up his eyes, and his delight was only equaled by his surprise; he had recognized Death.

"What, is it you, my old friend," said he, "*quid agis in hac pyro* perched? What are you doing up there in the pear tree?"

"Nothing at all, Dr. De Profundis, and that is what makes me so unhappy," replied Death; "lend me your hand to get down."

The good doctor gave him his hand, and Death made such an effort to get himself out of the tree, that he lifted the doctor off the ground.

The pear tree immediately seized hold of him and held him in its branches.

De Profundis struggled in vain; he was obliged to keep company with Death.

There was much astonishment the next day and the day after when he failed to appear. As he gave no sign of life they had him placarded and advertised in the "Gazette," but it was labor lost. De Profundis was the first man that had disappeared from Conde for many a year. Had he then found out the secret of dying, and had he, heretofore so generous, kept it for himself alone?

All the inhabitants of Conde set out upon the search, and they beat up the country so well in every sense of the word that they came upon the garden of Misery. At their approach the doctor waved his handkerchief as a signal of distress.

"This way," he cried to them. "This way, my friends; here he is; here is Death! I was right in my pamphlet, I said we should find him in the marsh of Vicq, the true nest of the cholera. I have got him at last, but I shall not forget me when she returned home."

"I'm very glad you've got the book, Florry," he said, simply, but in a constrained sort of way that made her look up.

"Why, John," she said, "does anything trouble you?"

"No, Florry," with half averted face "why do you ask?"

"Because——"

"Because what, Florry?"

"Nothing!" Then changing the subject, and with a quick, shy glance up into his face, "The book is splendid, John. Mrs. Chester is very kind."

Mrs. Chester still. John turned away.

And so matters went on for a full month and then Casper Ducey came to Boroville, astonishing all with his handsome face and attire, his lavish expenditure of money, his fast horses, his fast driving, and his fast life altogether.

He was a thorough man of the world, dashing, brilliant, fascinating; and, as far as external appearances went, wealthy; and external appearances go a great way in such a place as Boroville.

Mrs. Digby approved of Casper Ducey.

Mrs. Digby was an oracle in Boroville. She was a handsome woman of five and twenty, a lively young widow, whose half mourning became her charmingly, and who, some people said—but some people are not to be relied on, to any great extent, you know—would not be particularly averse to trying the marital yoke again, so lightly had the sorrow it, with a suitable partner, of course.

In company with her late husband, the widow had spent several seasons at the various places of summer resort, besides passing a winter at the capital, and she was considered infallible authority on all matters relating to society at large.

She was pretty, intelligent, dressed in excellent taste, and was believed to have a snug little fortune all her own. So, you see, she was a very nice little bit of femininity, the world would say.

Quite a little company of the nicest people of the village assembled in the widow's parlor one evening, and Mr. Ducey was the subject of their conversation.

"Yes, Mr. Ducey is a very desirable man," said the widow. "We must welcome him to our circle. He is handsome, witty, and accomplished, and—and of course he is rich; but that don't matter so much, you know. We met him at Newport three years ago—poor dear Harry and I."

She gave her handkerchief a very uncertain twirl, that left the shadow of a doubt in the minds of some of her listeners whether it was intended as an evidence of her uncontrollable sorrow at the remembrance of her "poor, dear Harry," or to attract the attention of Tom Lacy, who was flirting outrageously with Mabel Townley at the further side of the room. And so Casper Ducey had a passport to the society of Boroville, and was received with open arms.

"How do you like him, Florry?" John Myers inquired one afternoon, as Mr. Ducey whirled past the window in a basket phaeton, nodding gracefully to Florry, and then turning to make some witty remark to Mrs. Digby, who occupied the seat at his side.

The widow laughed, showing every one of her white front teeth to the fullest extent of propriety. She was exultant, and her face showed it; and John and Florry smiled, and so did Mr. Ducey—in a quiet, gentlemanly sort of way.

"O, I like him exceedingly well," said Florry, in reply to John's question. "He spent last evening here, and he's going to take me out in the morning for a ride to the lake with that splendid turnout of his. How delightful!"

"Which?" almost savagely—"Ducey or his horses?"

"Both, to be sure." Then saucily, "What a stupid you are, John! I meant the ride."

Florry rode with Casper Ducey the next morning and many mornings thereafter; and John Myers and the widow grew jealous. Ducey became Florry's constant attendant, accompanying her to concerts and parties, and taking her for boat rides on the lake and long drives over the pleasant country roads.

They walked together, sang together, danced together. In short, it came to be a fact that Florry Castle and Mr. Ducey were deeply in love with each other, or were flirting beyond all propriety.

He brought her flowers and music, and read poetry to her in his rich, clear voice—by and by he made love to her in the same voice.

To say that Florry was not charmed with her brilliant cavalier would be in direct opposition to the facts of the case.

All thought of poor John Myers were, for the time being, vanished from her mind. She had no time now for odd little chats with him, as of old; perhaps the inclination was wanting also. John became desperate.

He could no longer stand silently by and see matters go on as they had been going for a few weeks past.

He found her alone in the parlor.

"Florry!" half fearfully.

"Why, John!" with a little start of surprise. "You have been so shy of me of late. So you have not forgotten me quite?"

"Forgotten you, Florry!" There was a world of reproach in his earnest voice. "I shall never forget you. I——"

"I hope not, John," she interrupted. May be she apprehended what he might have said. "I have something to tell you, John. To-day I promised to marry Caspar Ducey."

She was cruel, and she knew it. "It is best so," she thought; "he must know it sometime."

"And you love him, Florry?" after a long pause.

"Yes," without looking up.

"Better—better than you could ever love me?"

"I—I think so, John."

His face was pallid, and his voice trembled as he said, "Then Heaven bless you, Florry, and make you happy. I wish you all joy and peace, now and hereafter!"

Never till this moment had she comprehended the full depth of John Myers' love. How nobly self-sacrificing he was—this man who could thus give his heart's idol up to another, because he thought she would be happier with him!

What a world of anguish those few words cost him none could comprehend but himself and another—One that reads all our hearts. How she pitied him as she thanked him for his kind wishes!

He toiled patiently on at the old, monotonous drudgery in the counting-room, striving to crush his wild, unavailing love, to drown it amid the ceaseless cares of business.

Mrs. Digby, tired of her futile fishing for the "great catch," as she mentally styled Ducey, put a fresh bait on her hook, and cast her line for Tom Lacy; and as the latter gentleman's heart had long since become enslaved by her pretty brown eyes, he was a comparatively easy victim.

Then the widow exulted over little Mabel Townley; who did not care a straw for Lacy, and was satisfied in the proud consciousness that she had a lover at any rate.

After a while, the Borovillians arranged to have a grand picnic in Crimp's Grove, a mile out of town.

Of course all—that is, all who belonged to the "circle"—were expected to attend. "The Quimbys, the Brodalles, the Thomases, and Mr. Ducey and Florry, and Tom Lacy, besides Dr. Granton and his cousin, Miss Ellis, and ever so many more, are going," said the widow, "and we shall have such a splendid time!"

"Of course you will go, John?" said Florry.

"Florry! I cannot."

"Why?"

"Because—because," hesitatingly, "I have business of importance to attend to."

"Oh, but you must go, John," persuasively. "It will be the last picnic of the season, and—and you know I am going away soon. Casper insists on my naming an early day for our marriage, and you must go just this once, for my sake; and you need recreation—you are working too hard."

And so he promised to drive over to the grove about the middle of the afternoon—"in time to partake of the refreshments and come home with the rest," he said.

Why Florry insisted on his going she scarcely knew. Maybe she thought he was working himself to death, for he had been looking unusually pale and thin of late.

At last the all important day came, as most days do, and an eventful day it was, to three at least.

But after dinner the picnic party took up their line of march to the grove, looking not unlike a battalion of hotel waiters, laden as they were with plates and platters, cakes and biscuits, and all the other things that go to make up the delicious array that we see spread out on a picnic table, to please the eye and tempt the palate.

Florry waited a long time for Mr. Ducey. He came at last—not by offering no excuse for his want of punctuality, and acting, she thought, very strangely altogether.

By and by John Meyers came, looking flushed, heated; but whatever was passing in his mind, he maintained an outward calm.

"I'm so glad you've come!" said Florry. "We are enjoying ourselves finely."

Just then word came that the refreshments were ready.

"There's Mab Townly over there, John, and she looks lonely. Go and wait on her;" and the little witch fluttered off, leaving him no alternative but to obey.

The company were just taking their places for the picnic, and Florry stood quite still, looking anxiously around for her escort, who had excused himself a half-hour before, and had not yet returned.

Five minutes more slipped by, and still he did not come. She felt grieved and mortified. He had never been so neglectful of her before. What could be the matter?

"Where is Mr. Ducey?" some one asked.

His protracted absence was now for the first time generally noticed.

"Yes, where is he?" from a chorus of voices.

"What have you done with your cavalier, Florry?" Mabel Townley broke in. "You must learn to take better care of him in the future."

"He is old enough to take care of himself," said Florry, lightly, yet with a very red flush on either cheek.

"Very true," whispered Mrs. Digby, confidentially, to Tom Lacy. "He's five-and-thirty, if he's a day. To think of such a chit of a girl as Florry Castle marrying a man old enough to be her father—the very idea!"

Mr. Lacy, as in duty bound, agreed with everything the enchantress said

"We must find him," said somebody. "He may have met with an accident."

And a dozen of the party hastened off in various directions through the grove in search of Casper Ducey.

One of the girls found him out at last, as a little scream attested, and they were all around him in a moment.

He was lying prostrate on the ground, just within the shelter of a little thicket not far away, with his eyes closed and his face looking swollen and purple.

"What is the matter?"

"Is he dead?"

"He is in a fit."

Three or four of the girls screamed in a breath; the gentlemen looked at him hard, then at each other, but said nothing.

Doctor Ganton glanced at the red, bloated face, then ruefully at Florry.

"Speak!" she cried, with very pale lips, "is he dead?"

"He is—drunk!" exclaimed Jack Blunt, one of the party, who did not admire Casper Ducey.

She was silent a moment, standing motionless as marble, staring into vacancy, like one in a dream.

Then the pallor in her eyes gave place to a hot, angry flush, and her black eyes flashed as she answered, "And this is true?" There was no denial, and she went on: "Then he is dead to me. I never wish to look upon his face again. I want him to know how utterly I scorn him after what has happened. Give me a pencil and a bit of paper, John; I will write a few lines for him to read when he comes out of his stupor. Then I wish you would take me home."

She had finished in a moment.

"You shall all hear it," she said, bravely. "It is not a love letter."

She stood up in the midst of the excited throng, whose eyes were all fixed eagerly on her resolute little face, and read what she had written:

"MR. DUCEY:—

"I scorn and detest you! I never want to see you again!

FLORENCE CASTLE."

It was very brief, very concise; but it answered Florry's purpose—it was to the point.

She bent over, and drew something from the breast-pocket of his coat.

It was a small flask.

Then she rolled the paper up and thrust it through a dainty little ring, which she had slipped from her finger.

Next she drew the stopper, and after emptying the contents upon the grass, replaced it with the roll of paper. Then she put the flask back where she had found it.

"He will discover it there soonest," she said, simply. "Come John; we will go now."

The grove was deserted in a few minutes, and Casper Ducey, in his drunken slumber, was its sole occupant.

They never saw him again. His reign was over. One of the places that knew him once know him no more, and that place was Boroville.

What John and Florry said that afternoon as they rode home, we will not attempt to conjecture, but certain it is that Mr. Castle gave his sanction. And so John won Florry, after all.

DAYBREAK.

BY HENRY W. LONGFELLOW.

A wind came up out of the sea,
And said, "O mists, make room for me."

It hailed the ships, and cried, "Sail on,
Ye mariners, the night is gone."

And hurried landward far away,
Crying, "Awake! it is the day."

It said unto the forest, "Shout!
Hang all your leafy banners out!"

It touched the wood-bird's folded wing,
And said, "O bird, awake and sing."

And o'er the farms, "O chanticleer,
Your clarion blow, the day is near."

It whispered to the fields of corn,
"Bow down, and hail the coming morn."

It shouted through the belfry tower,
"Awake, O bell! proclaim the hour."

It crossed the churchyard with a sigh,
And said, "Not yet! in quiet lie."

Which Will She Marry?

John Meyers loved Florry Castle, the prettiest and the most bewitching girl in Boroville, a place noted far and wide for the beauty and intelligence of its ladies. Florry's father was a wealthy merchant in town, and John was his clerk.

Now, do not imagine I am going to repeat the oft-told story of the princess; for if you do, you will be disappointed.

John was Florry's equal in everything save in one respect. While she was the most careless, romping, fun-loving young lady in the world—she had attained to the mature age of seventeen—John was the most diffident fellow conceivable, blushing at everything, always appearing, he fancied, as bashful people are apt to, at the greatest disadvantage whenever he attempted to put his foot forward, and doubly awkward, he thought, whenever, he essayed to utter more than the commonest of common-place expressions to Florry.

Surely he was not handsome, in the general acceptation of the term.

Tall, angular, almost awkward at times, there was very little gracefulness about him, it is true; and his great sensitiveness led him to think these little disadvantages infinitely more conspicuous than they really were.

But Florry, overlooking all this, and seeing only big blue eyes and wavy brown hair—noting his constrained, diffident manner when in her presence and his many odd little attentions to herself and her wishes, and discerning his great love for her through all, at last began to pity him heartily for his want of confidence in himself; and we all know to what tender passion pity is akin.

Once he heard her express a wish to read a book, the last new novel. It was not to be had in Boroville, and he wrote to the publishers, directing them to send it to Florry's address.

When he came to dinner one day, she sat near a window turning over the leaves, with the bright sunlight falling in a mellow glow upon her queenly little head.

She looked lovelier than ever just then; and he tried hard to keep back the flush that mantled his face as he saw her for the first time in the enjoyment of his anonymous gift.

"Oh, John," she cried, with a pleasant look in her face that did his heart good, "You know how I have longed to read 'Charley's Bride,' and now some good fairy has made me twice glad by sending it to me. I'm sure it must have been Mrs. Chester. She is always so thoughtful, and she said she'd not forget me when she returned home."

"I'm very glad you've got the book, Florry," he said, simply, but in a constrained sort of way that made her look up.

"Why, John," she said, "does anything trouble you?"

"No, Florry," with half averted face "why do you ask?"

"Because——"

"Because what, Florry?"

"Nothing!" Then changing the subject, and with a quick, shy glance up into his face, "The book is splendid, John. Mrs. Chester is very kind."

Mrs. Chester still. John turned away.

And so matters went on for a full month and then Casper Ducey came to Boroville, astonishing all with his handsome face and attire, his lavish expenditure of money, his fast horses, his fast driving, and his fast life altogether.

He was a thorough man of the world, dashing, brilliant, fascinating; and, as far as external appearances went, wealthy; and external appearances go a great way in such a place as Boroville.

Mrs. Digby approved of Casper Ducey.

Mrs. Digby was an oracle in Boroville. She was a handsome woman of five and twenty, a lively young widow, whose half mourning became her charmingly, and who, some people said—but some people are not to be relied on, to any great extent, you know—would not be particularly averse to trying the marital yoke again, so lightly had the sorrow it, with a suitable partner, of course.

In company with her late husband, the widow had spent several seasons at the various places of summer resort, besides passing a winter at the capital, and she was considered infallible authority on all matters relating to society at large.

She was pretty, intelligent, dressed in excellent taste, and was believed to have a snug little fortune all her own. So, you see, she was a very nice little bit of femininity, the world would say.

Quite a little company of the nicest people of the village assembled in the widow's parlor one evening, and Mr. Ducey was the subject of their conversation.

"Yes, Mr. Ducey is a very desirable man," said the widow. "We must welcome him to our circle. He is handsome, witty, and accomplished, and—and of course he is rich; but that don't matter so much, you know. We met him at Newport three years ago—poor dear Harry and I."

She gave her handkerchief a very uncertain twirl, that left the shadow of a doubt in the minds of some of her listeners whether it was intended as an evidence of her uncontrollable sorrow at the remembrance of her "poor, dear Harry," or to attract the attention of Tom Lacy, who was flirting outrageously with Mabel Townley at the further side of the room. And so Casper Ducey had a passport to the society of Boroville, and was received with open arms.

"How do you like him, Florry?" John Myers inquired one afternoon, as Mr. Ducey whirled past the window in a basket phaeton, nodding gracefully to Florry, and then turning to make some witty remark to Mrs. Digby, who occupied the seat at his side.

The widow laughed, showing every one of her white front teeth to the fullest extent of propriety. She was exultant, and her face

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VICTOR.

THE STORY OF A MAD LOVER.

Do people often wonder at their own happiness? Certainly, I was wondering at mine, as I sat alone in my pretty drawing-room, resting back in my chair, allowing my Berlin work to fall unheeded on my lap, while my eye wandered here and there, surveying with fond pride my possessions.

Many of the pictures on the walls, the bronzes on the mantel, the clock, a chair here and there, had been bridal presents; and as only one short year had passed since I came to my kingdom, I had had no time to weary.

A year ago, and I had then thought myself a happy girl. I had yet to learn the full happiness which comes to every loved and loving wife; but I had especial cause for gratitude in a fact which might present pain.

Before I met Will, my husband, I had been engaged to a young man, by very few years my senior, when some one discovered his father and grandfather before him had died inmates of a lunatic asylum.

My parents immediately broke off the engagement, and I was too insensible not to bow to their decree. For a time I was very miserable, but soon after I met Will, and learned that into his keeping had passed the one true love of my life, and he held it so tenderly, so sacredly that soon there was not even a scar to mark the old wound.

But the tears came freely to my eyes, nor did Will reproach me with them when, some six months after my marriage, I learned, in the full flush of my happiness, that Victor Struthers' sad fate had overtaken him, and that he, too, had followed in the steps of those gone before; that never again the light of reason would shine within his eyes, or the words of love be so well knew how to utter fall from his lips.

These thoughts slowly came back to-night as I sat alone—the *first* evening I had spent alone since my marriage; but Will had been called away by important business, and would not be back until late, perhaps not until to-morrow.

Once more the tears came within my eyes as I contrasted my lot with Victor's, or shuddered at the fate which would have been mine had I followed my first mad impulse to be his at any cost.

Yet, had not the loss of the girl he loved hastened his doom? The physicians said not; but their verdict would not satisfy my nervous dread. I sighed a long, tremulous sigh at this latter thought.

And surely—was it imagination?—somewhere within the room the sigh was re-echoed.

We had in the month of roses two long French windows, draped with blue satin and lace, opened on a verandah, which, as the evening was cool, were closed and fastened; but as I glanced round, with a strange misgiving at my heart, I saw the folds of one tremble.

The window must then be open; yet I felt no air.

With this thought I arose from my seat, stepping forward to ascertain the cause, but had barely taken a single step when I stopped, my blood frozen, unable to make another movement, or even part my lips to scream for help.

On the blue surface was a man's hand—no ruffian's hand, but white and handsome.

A ring gleamed on one of the fingers, and on its lustre my eyes rested, fascinated as the dove by the serpent. Where had I seen that ring before? Somewhere, surely, though where, my tortured mind could not reason.

Then summoning all my strength and courage, with desperate effort I turned to leave the room. Once put a closed door between myself and that white hand, whose invisible owner might at any moment step from his concealment, and I might know what best could be done.

Now I was blind with terror, and could scarcely see, though the room was brilliantly lighted, to grope my way to the door.

At last, I approached it, and stretched out my arm to open the way to freedom, when five white fingers, one bearing the gleaming ring, were laid on mine, and slowly drew me back into the room.

"Look at me!" said a voice. "It is your work—you need not fear."

Then I realized the truth; and, glancing up, saw Victor Struthers standing before me.

My first sensation was of relief. His eyes, peering into mine, were lit by the old softness; around his mouth was the old smile; and, though his words were bitter, his handsome face was only kind.

Could he be mad?

Or had recovery come to him, spite of the physician's hopeless decree?

I laughed a nervous laugh as I answered, "How could you so startle me, Victor? What a strange way to pay me a visit! Surely you could not doubt your welcome?"

"I have not yet received it," he replied, "though I have walked one hundred miles that you might give it to me. I take no welcome but the old one, Elsie."

And he stooped as if to kiss me, but I drew back, shuddering.

"What? no greeting?" he exclaimed; and slowly there crept into his eyes a look I had never seen there before—a look of cunning and of mortal dread.

He glanced round the room.

"I have waited so long—waited to find you alone. We are going on a journey to-night, you and I, Elsie. But you will not fear it if you are with me, even if Death be the boatman to row us across. Listen, Elsie. I am tired of life. But one thing only has made me cling to it so long, and that is, the gates of heaven would not open to receive me unless you were by my side, so I have come for you."

In that moment I knew the truth—knew that this man by my side, quiet as he was, was indeed mad, ready at any moment to throw off even this mask of sanity, and seize me in his powerful grasp.

Once more I glanced around my pretty room.

My husband's eye looked into mine from his portrait on the wall, as if to say, "For my sake, darling, keep calm. All rests with you. Do not let me return to find a desolate home, with your blood staining its threshhold."

"Victor," I said, suddenly, "before we go on this journey, tell me of yourself—of all you have been doing."

"Of myself? What is there to tell?" he questioned, with rising passion in his voice

"Of what I have been doing I shall indeed tell you! Working for this hour, slaving for it, enduring for it, with but one ambition in the wretched struggle they call life—to meet you face to face, to look into your eyes as they rested on your work, to tell you of the burning brain which could find no relief in tears, the weight of iron breaking the heart on which your hand has placed it. Ah! it is a little hand, white and fair"—clasping it within his own—"even to lift so monstrous a weight; yet you placed it well, not missing a single nerve—slender, pretty fingers, but oh, so cruel! Elsie, have you no remorse?"

"Victor, you are the cruel one; you do me an injustice unworthy of yourself!"

"Ay, injustice! What do you know of the word? You, who sit here in your beautiful home and let the world go by unheeded and uncared for, what memory had you for the man you had doomed, whose struggles, whose agonies you could watch as the cat playing with the mouse? I saw him kiss you last night, the man you call your husband, forgetting my right to the title—forgetting, in the sight of heaven, that you are my wife; You rested in his arms, you laid your head upon his shoulder, looking with adoring eyes into his face! You whispered words of love in his ear, but for the last time! I would have killed him, but that I wanted you alone in that other world to which we are going. Elsie, darling, you do not fear me?" his voice suddenly sinking from frenzied anger to its old tenderness.

At any moment he might draw the concealed weapon from his pocket—at any moment plunge the dagger into my heart.

A scream, a struggle, would but make sure my fate.

What was to be done?

"Victor," I said, with cunning matching his own, "let us not die but live. In death all is uncertainty; in life we have each other and love."——

He glanced with keen suspicion into my face.

"And you love me?" he questioned.

"How dare you, then, give your kisses to that other—the kisses which belonged to me? Listen! We have no time to spare. Already they are on my track. To-night I saw them, but their eyes failed to find me. They call me mad, yet I outwit them. Nor do I find it such a difficult task. Yet, if once they seize me they will bear me back to the place from which I have fled; but not alive—oh, not alive! See, Elsie!" throwing back his coat, and disclosing the long, narrow, gleaming blade he had concealed there. "First your heart, then mine! You grow pale; you tremble. It will soon be over. A moment's pang; eternal happiness——"

His arm is thrown tight around me.

I am powerless even to struggle in his iron clasp. His words fall hissing, one by one, on the still air. Darkness is gathering around me—the darkness of despair.

The little clock upon the mantel chimes eleven, and I remember, with a thrill of horror, it is the last time I shall ever hear it strike, when outside sounds a cheery whistle, and a step I recognize as my husband's upon the pavement.

Its firm, manly tread is unmistakable. I can fancy his glancing up at the lighted windows shining forth their welcome for him. Another moment his latch key will be in the door.

"Victor," I exclaimed, "I hear them coming. He, the spy, is on your track. Conceal yourself where you were before. I will mislead him and return to you. For my sake, be quick."

At these last words his hold relaxes. The old cunning leaps to his eyes.

"For your sake," he whispers.

With a sudden spring he is again hidden behind the folds of the curtain, and in that moment my husband entered the room, and I rushed to the shelter of his arms.

Behind him follow two men.

"My darling, what is it?" Will exclaims. "What has happened? I found these men watching the house, and they insist a madman entrusted to their care has entered here. I, of course, have given them permission to search——"

I try to speak, but cannot.

The words die in my throat as I point, tremblingly, to the curtain where I can discern, peering through, Victor's gleaming eyes.

"Traitress!" I hear him exclaim; and as the men sprang forward, there